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# PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

ON THE

## GENERAL IMPROVEMENT

OF THE

# Navigation of the Shannon,

BETWEEN LIMERICK AND THE ATLANTIC;

AND MORE PARTICULARLY OF THAT PART OF IT NAMED BY PILOTS,

## THE NARROWS.

WITH

## SOME REMARKS

INTENDED TO

CREATE A DOUBT OF THE FAIRNESS OF NOT KEEPING FAITH

WITH THE

## IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS,

AFTER THEY HAD BEEN LURED INTO A SURRENDER OF LIMERICK,

(THEIR PRINCIPAL FORTRESS),

## By a Treaty.

BY THOMAS STEELE, ESQ.

ONE OF THE PROTESTANT MEMBERS OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION;
M. A. MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; AND AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER
OF THE LONDON INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

---

The Greeks—a kind of Eastern Irish Papists.

LORD BYRON. *Childe Harold. Notes.*

---

*LONDON:*

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TO

# THOMAS TELFORD, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS,

F.R.S.L. & E.

2-27.57

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*Ennis, County Clare, Dec.* 1827.

SIR,

On the evening when I took my seat as an Associate Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, I signed in your presence a Declaration, that I would always, to the utmost of my power, endeavour to promote the objects for which the Society had been founded; and I now, without at all identifying you with my Politics, beg permission to dedicate to you the following Pages; that, at the same time when I make an humble effort to fulfil my Pledge to the Institution, I may, as an Irishman, have the gratification of publicly expressing my sense of the benefit you have conferred on my Country, by increasing, to the extent that you have increased it, the rapidity of communication between Ireland and England.

In the progress of your Work, Sir, for drawing the two Countries by so many hours nearer

to each other than they were before, you have not only formed one of the most magnificent Roads in the world over the mountains of Wales, but you have suspended in the mid-way air—not over a river, but over a portion of the mighty deep itself—a Monument to your Genius, harmonizing with the objects around, beneath, and on high; for, like the ridge of the Cambrian mountains, the ocean-tide, and the firmament of Heaven,

"This new wonderous Pontalice unhoped*,"

the Bridge over the billows of the Menai, is sublime.

I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

With great respect,

Your very faithful Servant,

THOMAS STEELE.

* Milton. Paradise Lost.

# INTRODUCTION.

With respect to the form in which I have written the Remarks in the Second Part, I wish to say a few words.

One still and solemn evening last autumn, a little after sunset, I was in a boat on the Upper Shannon, returning to Limerick. I had passed that branch of it called the Abbey River, and was observing a part of the Island, the ancient Bridge, the towers of the Castle, dark almost to blackness, by the incessant smoke of several forges which are under them—the gloomy trees in St. Munchin's Church-yard, hanging over the water, the Gothic turrets of St. Mary's Cathedral, and the City itself —combining in such a manner, by the progress of the boat, as to form what Artists call, technically, *a picture.* My mind being a good deal occupied at the time with the subject of the Navigation of the Shannon, I called to memory, while I was gazing on the prospect before me, the story of the loss of the Rose of Chester, by striking on one of the

# NOTICE.

*Holmes's Hotel, Parliament-Street,*
*Westminster, Jan.* 14, 1828.

LEST it should be supposed possible that I could, in an ill-natured form, make an allusion to the recent misfortune which has befallen Mr. Brunel, I take this opportunity of stating, that the page in which I have mentioned the Thames Tunnel, was printed several days before that afflicting circumstance occurred. Whether the work be persevered in, or abandoned, the part which has been finished, will remain for ages, an astounding memorial of noble conception, and admirable execution.

## ERRATA.

IN the Chart of the Narrows, Harrold's Rock has been omitted: it lies between the Bight of the Cock Rock and the Kippen Rock.

The name of the rock "Carrickocloush," at the western end of the middle bank of Sod Island, should be added.

Page 39, after the word "Seamen," in the third line, *read*, "Chap. IV. *The worst of the worst part of the river.*"—Extract from Conversations.

Same page, *for* "Sets from Harrold's Rock directly upon the Kippen "Rock, in both tides"—*read*, Sets directly upon the Kippen Rock in both tides; but most dangerous when it sets on it from Harrold's Rock, in the ebb.

Page 74, second part, line 3, *for* "that the," *read* "the."

RIVER

Horse Rock

Carrigtwo

# Navigation of the Shannon.

## CHAP. I.

### THE NARROWS.

LIMERICK PILOT. "Often they make us tremble in our skin, going by them by night, Sir."

FISHERMAN. "Ah! surely."

THE WRITER. "Why?"

PILOT. "THE CHANNEL IS SO NARROW, AND SUCH A RAPID TIDE, SIR."

*(Extract from the Writer's Notes, of Conversations with the Pilots and Fishermen on the Shannon).*

I WOULD not hazard the attempt of writing upon a practical subject, unless I felt a thorough conviction that my acquaintance with it was purely practical, and without any alloy or intermixture of theorizing or conjecture; and I venture to hope that, in the following observations, there will be found the impress of careful examination. That the internal evidence of this might be as strong as possible, I have in all cases studiously preserved the very forms of expression made use of by the Pilots and Fishermen, in my several excursions, while actually upon the water, or the islands, or the rocks of the river; and it is not to be overlooked, that their perceptions and recollections

must be at such times much more vivid than under any other circumstances, while in the actual contemplation of the objects about which I was inquiring: and furthermore, none of them would attempt to talk at random for a moment, as there were so many others always present to check or correct them.

I seldom took with me less than eight or nine Pilots and Fishermen, that I might not only have answers to my direct inquiries, but that I might have the advantage of their *interknowledge;* in listening to their unrestrained observations and reminiscences of circumstances which had occurred upon the river.

To carry into execution such a plan as I propose, obtaining a multitudinous collection of facts, is the very first thing necessary; and this can only be done by careful, patient, repeated, and reiterated inquiry of persons thoroughly familiarized with the Navigation to be improved.

What the author of the Essay on the Human Understanding, and of that on the Conduct of the Understanding, says, in the latter, of the intellectual world, is equally true of the physical—that, "although there be a intellectual world of infinite "beauty outside us, it must not be taken altoge- "ther, but must be brought home piecemeal;" and this is partly true in all physical investigations —we must get our facts one by one, and examine them one by one, with rigorous minuteness.

Men may revel as much as they choose in physical theories, but unless these theories be founded upon a sufficient number of facts in the first instance, and be afterwards confirmed and stabilitated by fact—viz. the test of experimental proof—they are but unreal mockery, phantasms of imagination, images distorted and wavering, flung by a magic lantern upon a column of smoke.

I recollect that, upon one of the evenings of the meeting of the Institution, I was sitting near a Gentleman (Mr. Turrell), looking over some drawings, and in the course of conversation, I happened to observe to him my reckless disregard of all theories in natural philosophy, until confirmed by experiment. He replied to me by a sentence which contains more in a few words, than all I have ever heard or read upon the same subject, put together —" 'Tis very true, Sir; we say that the Devil has " invented Practice to contradict Theory!"

Xenophon tells us of Socrates, that he went to work methodically and systematically, to make his friends πραχτικωτερους*; but I am very sure that neither he, the great philosopher of antiquity, nor any of those three philosophers, whose " gorgeous " coming," like " the sun's," has poured its refulgence upon modern time, ever said or wrote any thing at all comparable to what I have just mentioned—for neither Socrates; nor Bacon, the author

* More practical.

of the *Novum Organum*, and almost of the very system of Induction itself; nor Locke, who urged and insisted upon its necessity; nor Newton, who invented Fluxions, and untwirled the vortices of Descartes—ever in their lives, I am confident, made use of so good a sentence for overthrowing the sanctuary of vanity and ignorance—theory, *mere theory*—running the plough over the place where it stood, and sowing it with salt—as that short specification of this patent invention of the Devil.

"Then he must have died of apoplexy, in con-
"sequence of the amputation," said a theorizer.

"But he did not die," said the person who had seen the man alive.

"But then *he ought to have died, Sir!*" vociferated the theorizer!!!

I recollected this exquisite contrast as Mr. Turrell spoke; and I treasured from that moment, as my golden rule—my rule of gold of Ophir of philosophizing—in physic, in physics and metaphysics too—"THE DEVIL HAS INVENTED PRACTICE TO
"CONTRADICT THEORY!"

To be the person who should direct the execution of a plan of my own, for the improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon, or at least give an exposition of a methodical and comprehensive plan for its improvement by others, has been an object to which, as an Irishman, I have long felt an impulsion; and, indeed, during a part of the very

time while I was first under water in my own diving-bell*, I was occupied in forming a crude project, as to the mode by which it could be effected; however, by reason of long absence from this part of Ireland, I had no opportunity, until lately, of deciding upon the measures by which it might be carried into execution.

Even though Limerick possessed no other interest than that derived from her location, and were not a city almost sanctified by historical associations, the local situation alone is so peculiarly auspicious for inland trade and foreign commerce, that our leaving it as it is, without giving it the full advantage of its geographical position, by improving the Navigation of the magnificent river, reminds me very forcibly of certain objects described by Clarence, as seen in his dream, at the bottom of the sea—(I naturally, as a diver, take sub-aquatic illustrations)—"unvalued jewels," in skulls without eyes, and without brains. But, by giving Limerick the full advantage of that geographical position, of which she is at present but half in possession, she will most probably become in time an august and mighty city—one of the first upon the globe, an emporium, and the point, not of commercial alone, but of political contact between Europe and America—the old world and the new.

* The Communicating Diving-bell.

Spenser, in the Faërie Queene, has described the Shannon as

" The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea ;"

and he thus describes Ireland, while he " *much* " *pities that 'sweet land,' that, above all other* " *countreyes that he knew, it should bee thus mi-* " *serably tossed and turmoyled with these variable* " *stormes of affliction, wherein she hath thus* " *wretchedly beene wracked. And sure it is yet a* " *most beautifull and sweet countrey as any is* " *under heaven, being stored throughout with many* " *goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish* " *most abundantly; sprinkled with many very* " *sweet ilands and goodly lakes, like little inland* " *seas, that will carry even shippes upon their* " *waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for* " *building of houses and ships, so commodiously,* " *as that if some princes in the world had them,* " *they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas,* " *and, ere long, of all the world: also full of very* " *good ports and havens opening upon England,* " *as inviting us to come unto them, to see what* " *excellent commodities that countrey can afford;* " *besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yeeld* " *all kinde of fruit that shall be committed there-* " *unto. And, lastly, the heavens most milde and* " *temperate, though somewhat more moist then the* " *parts towards the west.*"—(View of the State of Ireland).

Spenser speaks of the goodly ports and havens opening to England; Sir John Davis speaks of the safe and large ports and havens lying open for traffick into all the western parts of the world too. He also speaks of the long inlets of many navigable rivers:—"*During the time of my service in Ireland* " *(which began in the first year of His Majesties* " *reign), I have visited all the provinces of that* " *kingdom, in sundry journeys and circuits; wherein* " *I have observed the good temperature of the air,* " *the fruitfulness of the soil, the pleasant and com-* " *modious seats for habitation, the safe and large* " *ports and havens lying open for traffick into all* " *the western parts of the world; the long inlets of* " *many navigable rivers, and so many great lakes* " *and fresh ponds within the land, (as the like are* " *not to be seen in any part of Europe); the rich* " *fishings, and wild fowl of all kinds; and, lastly,* " *the bodies and minds of the people endued with* " *extraordinary abilities of nature.*"—(Historical Relations).

Limerick is not a town upon the western coast, but she has the advantage of being deep-set on one of those long inlets towards the heart of the country, and in "*Mounster, which is the sweetest soyle* " *of Ireland.*"

The city is admirably situated for commerce with the West Indies and America; and by the Steam Navigation established on the Upper Shan-

non by Mr. Grantham, and the Canal, and a Mail-coach Establishment, almost as good as any in the empire; it is now in close union with Dublin, and its highly improved and progressively improving harbour*, the focus of London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

A Rail-road has been also projected by Mr. Nimmo, between Limerick and Waterford.

Now, what I propose is, that Limerick should get the entire advantage of that auspicious geographical position, of which she is but half in possession at present, by reason of those obstructions and perils in her Navigation, which I shall endeavour to point out the means of removing.

Like one of the Spirits described in the Revelation, as bound in the great river Euphrates, so is the commercial spirit of this city bound in the great Shannon; and my object is to loose it, that it may join "the spirits that hold the winds of Heaven," by breaking its bonds, by annihilating those obstacles that now create retardation and peril to the Navigation.

Let any one, supposing those obstructions and perils to be removed, expand before his eyes the map of the world; let him read the History of the Steam Engine; and let him at the same time take

* Howth Harbour, and Kingstown, have been, as it were, created in addition to the old ones.

another quantity, as a third element, into his calculation, viz. "*the quantity of mind**" working fervidly and incessantly all over the world, since the days of Watt, to bring Steam Navigation to still higher and higher progressive perfection;—now, after working his calculation with these geographical, physical, and metaphysical elements, as his data, let him point out another spot upon the globe, so likely as Limerick, to become such a point of contact as I have described.

This city, venerable by its antiquity, and, as I have said, and say again, almost sanctified in Irish history, abounds at this hour with objects of picturesque, and solemn, and romantic interest. The antique Castle, "built by King John of England," with its massive towers, washed by the waters of the majestic river;—the ancient Bridge, Thomond bridge, over which are seen the mountains of Clare; and at the end of the bridge, opposite the castle, at Thomond gate, is the stone—"*the Stone of Sorrow*"—on which, according to tradition, was signed, in presence of both armies, the Treaty of Limerick! At a short distance from the castle, stands the Gothic Cathedral†, the Church of St. Mary, originally the palace of one of the Irish Kings, with dark trees beneath its tower. In the lower part of the old town, near gardens and

* For this admirable form of expression, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Penn, the Engineer.—"That depends," said he to me one day, "upon *the quantity of mind* a man has."

† In this, the Irish garrison laid down their arms to Ireton.

orchards, towards that part of the Shannon called the Abbey River, are the remains of priories, monasteries, and convents; and some of the ancient city-walls are to be seen near St. Peter's Cell. Here the Nuns of St. Clare have their convent, their solemn little Gothic chapel, and an extensive school. On two sides of their garden are ancient Gothic ruins. The convent of the Ursulines is on the opposite side of the Shannon. The Knights Templars had a preceptory near the river, but the site alone is known at present. Baal's Bridge is an ancient structure, connecting the Irish and English towns, with houses upon its western side. The convents of the Dominican and Augustinian Friars are in the new town, which is built upon what was formerly called St. Prior's Land. This new town (New Town Pery) is beautiful. There are extensive quays for the shipping. A new bridge is in progress, which is very much wanted, and will be an extraordinary improvement. The surrounding country is delightful, the women of Limerick are lovely, the men are patriotic, hospitable, and brave.

Such is Limerick at the present hour. The Pool of Limerick is in the Shannon, about a mile below the town. In the Pool* are several rocks; some

* "Vessels that draw seven or eight feet, may ride afloat in "it; and, as the bottom is soft mud, large vessels need not be "afraid to lye aground on it. Ships that draw twelve feet, by "waiting till half flood, may get up to the Pool of Limerick."—*Norie's Piloting Directions for the South, West, and North Coasts of Ireland.*

of them have been always well known—Yemneen's rock, and some others—but another, called Harvey's rock, has been but lately discovered; and this, by the breaking of a vessel, half of which happened to lie upon the rock in the receding tide.

Lower down are the Bush rocks, and some others; but with these I have nothing to do, beyond mentioning their existence; as there are so many other things, of much greater importance, to be attended to.

By turning to the chart, at Tervoe, lower down the river than the Pool, will be observed a place marked "*Rocky.*" This is the Cock rock; and at this point, that part of the Shannon called technically, by Pilots and Seamen, THE NARROWS—a "wat'ry labyrinth," in which the Navigation is most intricate and dangerous, has its commencement.

The peril arises—

1st, From the narrowness of the channel, notwithstanding the great expansion of the river.

2nd, From the rapidity of the tide among the rocks and foul grounds—and,

3rd, From the angular settings and driftings of the currents among the rocks and shoals.

A person who had not examined the subject, would be, I think, not easily persuaded, that the actual channel is so narrow as it is, in a river that expands so widely as the Shannon below Limerick.

THE NARROWS contain—with other rocks and shoal-grounds, of less importance, to be mentioned—

The Cock rock.

Harrold's rock.

Two lines of foul ground, near the Kippen rock.

The Kippen rock itself.

The Whelps.

The Scarlet rocks, generally called "the Scarlets."

The point of Gregg island.

Shawn-a-Garra, (Cut John); and called also "Dirty Billy*"—a very dangerous sunken rock.

Crawford's rock.

The Hogshead rock.

The Slate rock.

Foul ground, near the Hogshead rock.

Laheen's rock, at Grass island.

---

I shall, in another place, give an account of the different angles made by the currents among the rocks, in this part of the river. These currents are, of course, "most dangerous in the ebb, when the "waters are falling off of the mud."

There are two passages in this part of the river, the north and the south; and the place where it may be crossed with security, in getting from the north to the south, is marked by the apparent coincidence, or rather approximation of certain trees

* So named, I should imagine, after King William the Third.

near the water-side to one of the castles (there are two) of Cratloe. "When there is a full tide," the southern channel is preferred by Pilots, "as it "is more straight than the north one, and fewer "tacks are necessary to be made in it."

There is a certain rock, called Carrick-a-thruce, and when this ceases to be visible, there are always fourteen feet of water in this channel.

By reason of the rapidity and angular settings of the currents which sweep through this part of the river, among the rocks and shoal-grounds, it requires great steadiness and caution in piloting, in crossing from one passage to the other in calm weather, "*when there is not wind to command a* "*ship;*" and when, if the wind should altogether fail, unless she can let go her anchor, and very quickly, or can be towed by boats, she is altogether at the mercy of the drifting tide.

There is a great difference between the navigation of a river like the Shannon and the open sea; in general, in the latter, the great danger is to be apprehended in storms; in the river, "where the "channel is so narrow, and such a rapid tide," the great danger is, I think, to be apprehended in calms. When, as I have just said, there is not wind to command a ship, and she becomes ungovernable, and consequently, unless she can let go her bow anchor without the danger of its going through her bottom, or can be checked by her kedge, or towed by her boat—she must be swept by the tides among the rocks and foul grounds.

A vessel may scud through the outer extremity of Maelstroom* in a hurricane, but she is inevitably lost, if taken in it by a calm.

The following is a description of the angular driftings of the currents through the Narrows:

1st, From the bight of the Cock rock, towards Harrold's rock.

2nd, From Harrold's rock, on the Kippen rock.

3rd, From the Kippen down to the south-west, towards the Whelps and Scarlets; or, if you go the north channel, you get into a current that sets on Crawford's rock from the Whelps.

4th, From the Scarlets towards the tail of Gregg island.

5th, From the tail of Gregg island, down towards Carrick-a-dhurtha.

6th, From Carrick-a-dhurtha, towards the Hogshead rock.

7th, From the Hogshead rock towards the buoy on Grass island.

8th, "After getting clear of Grass island, THE "WHOLE TIDE SETS RIGHT DOWN BODILY upon the "rock called the BIG BIRD, near Sod island; but "then, after passing Sod-island point, there is FAIR "PLAY, and a straight tide, 'to Bahy castle.'"

Now, although I venture to believe that what I have said, will be found to contain its own reason, in proving the danger of the Navigation of

* Round the shores where loud Lafoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale.
CAMPBELL. *Ode to Winter.*

this part of the river; yet still, it would be a very wide deviation from the plan upon which such a subject ought to be treated, were I not to give what may be called the experimental test of the truth of what I have affirmed.

In order, therefore, to give the practical illustration, I shall here write *verbatim*, as I wrote it down from the lips of the Pilots themselves, and the Mate of one of the vessels, and a very intelligent Ship-broker, Mr. Parker, an account of the wreck of three vessels in this part of the river.

From Mr. Parker I had the following:

"The Albiona, of Dumfries, was endeavouring, "with a boat a-head, to cross from one channel to "the other in a *calm*. The Pilot was Crawford. He "hoped to be able to weather the Hogshead rock; "but finding himself unable to do so, and sweeping "towards the rock with the current, he let go his "anchor; but he was too late—the vessel struck, "her keel was broke, her futtocks, starboard and "larboard, were broke—all her floorings were "broke: she was obliged to be broken up—she "was utterly unserviceable."

---

A ship called the Friendship, was struck by the same Pilot, upon the rock called (after him) Crawford's rock; but she was got off again with the next tide.

I have not been able to learn the circumstances with sufficient accuracy, to venture to give an account of the manner in which this vessel struck.

*Account of the Wreck of the Alice and James on the Whelps, in February* 1826*; given me by Martin, her Pilot.*

" We left the Pool at six in the morning, the " wind at south. At the Kippen the wind headed " us—the wind wested. There was a *shower* of " *wind*, and a little rain. I boxed her about, her " head to the northward. She took the Spit of the " Whelps," [a bank of sand near these rocks], " and trailed along until she stopped—until her " butts opened, and she took in the water."

I asked him why he did not let go the anchor? He replied, that " if he did, it would go through " her bottom."

---

I now give an account of the same thing, by another Limerick Pilot (Magragh), who saw it when it occurred.

" I was in the Union sloop a-head, down at " Newtown—the wind was all a-head—the Alice " and James was about a quarter of a mile a-stern: " they followed upon the tack to the northward, " towards the Spit of the Whelps, when he" [the " Pilot Martin] " thought to stay her. The vessel " began to trail in the Spit of the Whelps, and " was trailing until she struck. They let go " no anchor. After she struck, the wind sprung " up fresh."

The following is an account of the wreck of the "Lord Newborough," a Welsh vessel, on the same rocks, last October, and not half a cable's length from the point where the Alice and James struck upon them last year:

The Pilot, Martin, (one of the sons of the Martin just mentioned), was trying to get across from the north to the south channel; but he missed both, and struck upon the rocks between the two, by the *failure of the wind, and by coming too far down in the first instance, and not making his tack in the proper place.*

The Pilot's account, in presence of the Captain, Mr. Parker, and four other Pilots:

"We got under way at the Pool, on the "half tide, or a little more than half tide—we "carried high water down with us at the lower "end of 'the Hole.' A dead calm came; not a "breath of wind out of the heavens. Then a "light breeze of wind from the westward—little "or none, but what was of it was from the west-"ward. We made two or three tacks; in the "first tack the Captain called a boat alongside, "and then went down, and then went asleep," [half past eleven or twelve o'clock, noon].—"I "told the boat to go a-head again. We canted "her head away from the north side to the south-"ward—she was dropping down—we expected "that she would clear the rock. I hoped to check "her head to the southward, but the boat did not

" work with sufficient power; for the oars were
" weak, like paddles, and so she was swept away
" by the current, and struck upon the rocks. I
" told the boat to lie upon the larboard bow, but
" she kept hanging upon the starboard bow."

When I inquired about the anchor, whether it was let go, there was an altercation between the Captain and the Pilot on this subject; the Pilot affirming, that there were not hands enough on deck to pay away the cable, and that the Captain ought not to have gone below. To this the Captain replied, that having taken a Pilot, he had nothing to do with the ship while he (the Pilot) was on board; and he denied that the boat hung upon the larboard bow.

---

The following is the account given me by the Mate, in the presence of the Harbour-master of Limerick, on board the vessel, as she lay on the rocks the day after her wreck:

" The wind was fair from the Pool: the wind
" after some time headed them—a baffling wind;
" then a calm. The boat was sent a-head the
" first time, then a second. The Pilot ordered to
" pull round—no wind to command the ship, and
" the ship became ungovernable; the tide run-
" ning strong. They pulled as much as they
" could, but the heavy tide drifted them along.
" About mid-channel the wind failed, and she
" struck upon the rocks; but half the length of an
" oar would have saved her."

This vessel was lost by extremity of bad piloting, and not tacking in time. It is quite clear, that unless Pilots attend to them, they may just as well have for their land-marks "a cow and a hay-"stack," as a mountain and a church-steeple, or a clump of trees and a castle.

It may be perhaps objected to me here, that I am not consistent, in mentioning the wreck of this vessel, when I attribute it altogether to bad piloting. It is not inconsistent: every thing that shows the actual operation of the tides and currents, will be important to those who are to determine whether the improvements I propose are judicious, or the contrary.

I shall now, as very important to the subject, give *verbatim*, what was said to me by the Ship-broker, whom I have already mentioned, on the dangers of the Narrows:

"The cause why so many accidents occur now, "more than formerly, is, that the Pilots are now "so enterprizing, that they twist and turn their "vessels among these rocks and currents, as if "they were Galloways."—"It is now, among "them, trying who will be the best man, and "bring his ship through most rapidly; but for-"merly they were slow and steady, and would not "attempt the passage, unless the circumstances "were all favourable. I have known them more "than a week going down to the Hole," &c. &c.

He said, that "many accidents constantly occur

"now to vessels, from this cause; *and that,* " *although they escape, they often receive great* " *damage in getting off these rocks*—they injure " their keels, and knock off their copper," &c. &c.

The practical deduction from this is, that vessels are at present placed between the Scylla and Charybdis of danger and delay.

I have, in the head of this Chapter, given an extract from one of my Conversations with the Pilots and Fishermen; and I now take occasion to mention something which was said to me in the same spirit, on the day when I went down the river to examine the Lord Newborough, as she lay upon the Whelps, and to make inquiries on board of her, into the circumstances under which she had struck upon them. In going down the river, accompanied by Picket, Baldwin, two Martins (father and son), and Magragh, all Pilots, and the Fishermen whom I employed as rowers; on my inquiring about the part of the Narrows where the vessel had been wrecked, one of the Pilots, after describing it to me, thus concluded—" *Often the* " *same place made the hair of our head stand on* " *end!*"

I noted these words very particularly at the time; and I am equally particular in introducing them here, by reason of the coincidence in spirit with what I mentioned before;—for they appear to indicate a kind of habitude of the sense of danger in this part of the river;—and the speaker,

without any hesitation, took upon him to answer, not only for his own terrors, but for those of all the others who were present too.

Among the perils of the Narrows, it is heart-sickening to be constrained to mention the atrocious spirit of the Cratloe peasantry, who, descending from the woods and mountains in the vicinity, when vessels are in distress, instead of affording them any succour, approach in their boats only for the purposes of plunder. This may be observed even in Limerick itself, from the turrets of the steeple of St. Mary's Cathedral, with a telescope, where (as there is a view of eighteen miles down the river) the Ship-brokers have a watch, to give notice of the approach of vessels from the Atlantic.

The day before that on which I was aboard the Lord Newborough, the crew had been under the necessity of preparing their arms, to prevent some of the Cratloe-men, who were in a boat alongside, from forcing their way on board; and the day after, one or two of them, who, under some pretext, were admitted, while the crew was engaged in throwing the cargo into lighters, contrived to open the chest upon deck, in which the arms had been laid the day before, and stole out of it a pistol, with which they got away.

The son of another Limerick Ship-broker (Mr. Mullock, jun.), mentioned to me, that in the last year of the late war, his father had been obliged to send a corporal's guard on board some of his ships,

to prevent them from being boarded and plundered in passing this part of the river.

A western boat was some years ago plundered by these mountain robbers; the unhappy crew was murdered, and then buried in the mud.

There is, near Kilbaha bay, in the lower Shannon, a spot believed to be haunted. The crew of a Portuguese vessel was here savagely murdered; and their spirits are believed by the peasantry to glide at midnight about the place where this deep damnation was perpetrated.

Among many other superstitious and romantic legends of this part of Ireland, is one of a spectre-ship, that shews itself amidst the storms.

There is a point which ought not to be omitted by any one who writes upon the means of diminishing the dangers of the Navigation of this part of the Shannon. Pilots ought to be ordered to ascertain with accuracy, for themselves, what number of feet of water the vessels draw that they take in charge, and not to depend upon the reports of any other person whatever. A Master told a Pilot that his vessel drew thirteen feet ten inches; now she really drew fourteen feet and a half. I give this as an example.

## CHAP. II.

### THE NORTH AND SOUTH PASSAGES — AND THE BEACON TOWER ON THE BEEVE ROCKS.

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And the Lord went before them * * * * * * by
night, in a pillar of fire, to give them light * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
And the Children of Israel went into the midst of the sea.

EXODUS, chap. xiv.

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INSTEAD of detailing what I think ought to be done for the improvement of the Navigation of the Narrows, I shall continue the description of the dangers along the line, as far as they can be considered to have an existence; and I shall then endeavour to give a general and comprehensive exposition of the measures which, after a great deal of meditation upon the subject, I believe to be the best calculated for effecting their removal.

I have already said, in the words of one of the Pilots (Magragh) who gave me the angles of the currents, that, "after passing Sod-island point, "there is a straight tide, and FAIR PLAY, to Bahy "castle."—So there is; but certainly not before; for, as was said in the same page, "the *whole tide* "*from Grass island sets right down bodily upon* "*the Big-bird rock, near Sod island;*" and this rock is the point which, in this part of the river, sepa-

rates the north and south channels. It is so called from its resemblance, when seen at a distance, to a black water-bird floating upon the river. The two channels are separated, a little lower down, by the middle bank of Sod island; a sand-bank, with several rocks on it, which extends from the island to the westward for about three miles.

Of these rocks, "the westernmost begins to dry "at half-ebb; the next appears at two hours' ebb; "the third is not quite covered at high-water "neap-tides. The easternmost one dries at three-"quarter ebb. The west end of the sand on which "these rocks lie, is always covered with from two "to six feet. The extremity of this part of the "sand bears north-east by north from Bahy castle."

Now the tide, "THE WHOLE TIDE," sets from Grass island so vehemently down upon the Big Bird, and the foul ground by which it is surrounded in heavy floods (I of course do not mean flood-tides), in calms, that vessels are sometimes "DRAGGED down" towards that rock by the current, and are in imminent peril, unless they can come to anchor; and that peril arises from a two-fold cause—*First*, To get into the north channel is very hazardous, under the drift of such a current as I have described, by reason of the narrowness of the entrance to it, and the extreme foulness of the ground to the north of "the Big Bird." This rock is described by the Pilots and Fishermen as "*a very bad rock, with a hard root and tails;*"

and the foul ground extends not merely to the north, but for a considerable way around it in every direction.—*Secondly*, Even though, by good fortune, or the perfection of good piloting, the vessel, so "DRAGGED down upon the Big Bird," should effect the entrance of the north channel without striking on the rock, "the hard root," or the tails, or receiving damage to her bottom on the foul ground; yet still there is very great peril in running through it now, even though the channel itself be perhaps better than the south one.

I now come to a subject on which there is a very great and general error among those who have not given it due consideration—I speak of the danger to vessels at the "Herring rock," near Ahenish island, by reason of the vehement current "*which sets right down upon that rock "from the Beeves;*" and I affirm, that the extent of that danger has been enormously exaggerated. It is, I most freely acknowledge, an exceedingly dangerous part of the river *in a dark winter night*, even with the very best piloting, in a strong ebb-tide; but by day, the peril is not in the tide, however rapid be its current; nor in the rocks, however far they extend under water; but in the ignorance or obstinacy of pilots and crews.

I shall shew the mode of removing the danger of this passage by night, when I come to speak on the subject of improvements. With any point lower down the Shannon than this, I have nothing to

do; for there is such open "sea-room" and deep water lower down, that it would be wild and reckless speculation, were I to advise laying out one shilling on any part of it, while there is work of so much more importance to be done nearer Limerick. However, as a vessel was lost, about fifteen years ago, in the very part of the river where I say I would not advise to have one shilling laid out in improvement, I shall give an account of the manner in which that vessel was sunk, to shew that it was neither in a "narrow channel," nor in "a rapid tide," nor an eddying current among rocks or foul grounds, but that it was in *deep water* (fifteen fathoms), and open sea-room.

I lay down as a principle, what is, I believe, acknowledged by all seamen, viz. that if a vessel be "*taken aback*" by a violent wind, unless her masts go by the board to ease her, she must go down.

The following is an account of the loss of the "Alice," near Foyn's island. I wrote it down as it was given me by old Martin, the Pilot, who has been fifty years on the river, and who told me that "it was he took all the souls out of her."

"She was coming down with single-reefed top-
"sails, the wind at south. There was a *squash*
"of wind came suddenly, and struck her, and put
"her on her side. They could not ease her, she
"lay so much on one side. The Pilot came from
"below; and seeing her on her side, gave the

" helmsman a push, saying to him at the same " time, 'Why don't you ease the vessel?' At this " moment another sudden squall came, and taking " her aback, AS SHE HAD NO LIFE THROUGH THE " WATER, heaved her in such a way bodily round, " and threw her so completely on her side, that " down she went, body and bones."

I now come to the subject of the Improvements I recommend; and the exposition which follows, is very nearly *verbatim* the same that I gave* when I

* MEMORANDUM.

*Moriarty's Hotel, Limerick,*
*Friday, Sept.* 14, 1827.

I this day gave the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce, a detailed exposition of the nature of my Plan for the Improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon, below this city. I made a request that the best Pilots on the river should be called in, to be present while I was speaking. The Directors did not think this necessary; but I requested it as a personal favour; for, as what I had to say was not on a matter of abstract science, *but of practical Navigation, the Pilots, from their experience, were the very best judges who could be found in the world.* They were then called in. As soon as they were present, I went methodically and in detail into the subject; and the three Pilots agreed with me upon every point of it. The Resolution I required was then passed by the Directors; namely, that " if " the Improvements I recommended were to be carried into " execution, the Trade of the Port of Limerick would be " materialty benefitted."

T. S.

brought the matter forward at a Meeting of the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Limerick. Adhering to the same methods which I adopted in speaking before the Directors, I shall not here mention first in order, the most important improvement which could be effected on the river, speaking of it absolutely, but that which would be of the greatest importance, in proportion to its cost; that which would give the maximum of advantage on the minimum of expenditure. I shall preserve the same method in speaking, not only of this first improvement, but of all the others, in their order. I say, therefore, that the improvement decidedly of the greatest utility, in proportion to the expence of carrying it into execution, would be the establishment of a light, during the winter months, in the Beacon-tower, on the rocks called the Beeves. This would cost little or nothing in the first instance; not more than the expence of the oil, the reflectors and lenses, and fitting up a little room in the Beacon-tower. The Pilots, who must be good authority in this case, assure me, that they know very well the owners of vessels would joyfully contribute the sum necessary for paying the person who should have the care of the light, and all the other necessary expences.

"Vessels now, in the long winter nights, often "loose a passage, both above and below the Beeve "rocks, by being obliged to come to anchor;" not daring to risk the passage in the dark in that

vehement tide. Now this is solely for want of a light to direct them; and the loss even of a single tide in the Shannon, to vessels outward-bound, is considered a matter of no light importance by their owners, if they happen to observe the setting-in of a westerly wind.

The Pilots tell me, that if they had such a light as I recommend, and urge the necessity of establishing, instead of being constrained to anchor, they could pass down the river at any time of the night, without apprehension of being drifted on the Herring rock, of which, in the dark, they are at present in terror in the rush of the ebb; and then, after passing the point of Tarbert, they would have the light at Carrickaholt, and finally the light at Loop-head, and so get out to sea.

I have lately read of a natural light which has burst forth upon the shores of Lake Erie, in North America. The flame ascended through a chasm of the rock, and burned uselessly upon the ground. A hollow pedestal was reared over it, that the flame might ascend through it, and gleam from its summit, as a beacon light for vessels. They had the light, and wanted the pedestal—now we only want the light, for we have the pedestal ready formed in the Beacon-tower.

I strongly recommend placing a buoy upon the Herring rock, below the Beeves; because I know that it would be an advantage (although by no means absolutely necessary), that the Pilots should

have a fixed mark on which to rest their eye by day, when sailing in a current so vehement as that which sets on the Herring rock from the Beeves.

Notwithstanding the vehemence of this current, and the extent of the tail of the Herring rock, there is such good sea-room in this part of the river, that even though I do recommend putting down this buoy, I affirm, in direct opposition to a very generally received opinion, that there is no danger of passing the Beeves by day, except the danger arising from bad piloting or bad seamanship.

An hermaphrodite schooner was wrecked upon the Herring rock in October 1822. I heard the Pilot (Picket), upon whose judgment, in the navigation of this river, I have the greatest confidence, one day talking on the loss of this vessel with one of the Fishermen—"I suppose," said the Fisherman, in speaking of the Pilot of the schooner, "that the tide dragged him upon it."—"What's "anchors for?" was Picket's decisive reply. I say decisive, for here there is such deep water, that there is no danger of an anchor running through the ship's bottom when dropped from her bows.

I have said, and I repeat it, the danger here by day is not in the rocks, nor in the current, though it sometimes drifts with so much violence as it does. The danger is in the Pilots: if they do not acquaint themselves with the force, and direction, and variation, of the currents, and act promptly and decisively upon that knowledge.

" If they," said Picket, as he one day stood by me at the helm, instructing me how to steer through this passage, " will not have a knowledge of the " tide, and be beforehand with the tide, what " must they expect, Sir ?"

To pass here with security, they must both " mind " the run of the tide, and keep the rock of the Bea- " con-tower close aboard ;" and if the vessel does not answer her helm, to keep her off the Herring rock, I ask, " what's anchors for ?"

The camel is called in the East, the ship of the desert ; and a ship was called by the ancient Scandinavians, the horse of the ocean. Now, what should we say of any one who called himself a fox-hunter, and who, if he found his horse running away with him, and drifting him towards a gravel-pit, or a crag, or the verge of a cliff, should choose to forget that he had a bridle in his hands? And in the very same manner, if a Pilot, finding his horse of the ocean running away with him in a current, towards some shoal ground, or a rock, or another vessel—what should we say of him, if, finding himself in this situation, and being without wind to command his vessel, he should choose to save himself the trouble of remembering that there was an anchor at the bows ?

I introduce here, for its practical force, a precept given me by the same Pilot ; an admirable one in practical navigation, and not less admirable as a metaphor in the navigation of a certain tide of

"ruffian billows" mentioned by Shakspeare—the "tide in the affairs of men:" 'You must take 'the tide BEFOREHAND, Sir: its no use to be a 'Pilot, even though you know the rocks, unless 'you have the knowledge of the tide BEFORE-'HAND, and to be BEFOREHAND with it.'

The importance of the light, for giving an increased security at night at this part of the river, will be more manifest by a single glance at the chart; for although the tide in the Narrows be so vehement in the ebb, the ebb-tide at the Beeves is still more so; and that tide sets down directly upon the Herring rock. The reason is this: some miles above them, opposite Grass island, the two rivers, the Ougarnee and the Maig, empty themselves into the Shannon; and the channel of the Fergus is above them too. I say *the channel* of the Fergus, which is between the Horse rock, Moylan's rock, and Moylan's children.

It is to be further observed, that the mouth of the channel of the river Fergus being on the north side of the Shannon, there is consequently here a cause not only of the increase of the force of the current, by the additional body of water of the three rivers, but an additional impulse of that current towards the Herring rock on the south side.

I have purposely let my boat drift through the passage by the Beacon-tower, to ascertain for myself the direction of the current, and its velocity; and although I should have no more apprehension

for the security of a vessel passing here by day-light, with any of the Pilots who were in the habit of attending me, than I should feel if she were at anchor in the Pool of Limerick—I again urge the necessity of a light in the tower, during the long and dreary winter nights.

" But chiefly spare, O, King of Clouds,
The seaman on his airy shrouds."

CAMPBELL. *Ode to Winter.*

## CHAP. III.

### DIMINISHING THE DANGER OF THE NORTH CHANNEL.

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" This passage is never made use of, except when vessels are dragged " down upon the Big Bird by the heavy tide."

*(Extract from Notes of Conversations on the River, with Pilots and Fishermen).*

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LET me now imagine that it were to be said to me, " you have examined the state of the Na- " vigation of the Shannon, you say, with great " care, and you hope with great accuracy, as in " your several excursions on the water, you made " it a point to be attended by some of the best " Pilots of the port of Limerick, and by Fishermen " familiarized with every part of the river. You " say too, that these Fishermen know the situa- " tion of rocks and shoal grounds with extraordi- " nary accuracy, by the infallible experiment of " often touching them with their nets. You say " furthermore, that you have sought information " in every other quarter in Limerick and Clare, " where you could hope to obtain it. Now, there- " fore, as the practical result of all this, what do " you propose as the most important improvements " which could be effected in the Navigation—im-

" provements which would require the application
" of some fund for carrying them into execution?
" That at the Beeves, viz. the light during the
" winter months, would be paid for, you say, by
" the Masters of vessels, without encroaching on
" any sum which might be appropriated to the
" improvement of the other parts of the river.
" State those improvements, in what appears to
" you to be the order of their relative importance."

To this I should immediately reply:

*First*, The work of the greatest importance, without any question, would be clearing the tail of the Cock rock, opposite Conoh-point, *by reason of the length and extreme narrowness of that rocky passage; and because the whole of both tides sets a vessel right in on it.*

*Secondly*, Next to this, the work of the greatest importance would be, the removal altogether of the Kippen rock on the north mud, near the fort of Cratloe.

*Thirdly*, After this, the most important improvement which could be effected, would be to diminish the danger of the north passage, between the middle bank of Sod island and Tradree, in the county Clare. There are other points, of minor importance, which I shall notice *in transitu*.

Let me now imagine that it were to be inquired of me—" Do you therefore propose that, in the first
" place, the tail of the Cock rock should be cleared,

" which should be done under water, and ren-
" dered less foul, to give a greater amplitude to
" the passage at that point—the commencement
" of the NARROWS ?"

I should reply to this—Permit me to make a distinction. If you ask me my opinion of the absolute importance of the work necessary to be done at those points I have named, without relation to expenditure, the order I have mentioned is certainly, I think, the true one. But if you allow me to give the subject consideration, upon another, and a more practical principle, I should invert that order, and speak, not of what I conceive to be the work of the greatest absolute importance, but of what was of the greatest importance in proportion to the expenditure; taking these two considerations, not separately, but in combination.

Upon this principle of taking them conjointly, I say that the most important improvement beyond comparison which could be effected with the smallest expenditure, would be diminishing the danger of the passage through the north channel; —next, of the least expence in proportion to its utility, would be the removal of the Kippen rock; —and, lastly, the most important of all, but at the same time the most expensive, would be the clearing of the Cock rock.

The entrance to the north passage I have already described, as being near the Big Bird;

and I have also said, that " *the whole of the tide* " *in the ebb, sets bodily down upon this rock from* " *Grass island.*"

It is here to be observed, that two of the rivers which increase the body of the Shannon, the Ougarnee and the Maig, enter it near Grass island, and consequently add considerably to the strength of this current.

Now the Pilots tell me, that although, at present, the north passage is never attempted except through overwhelming necessity (a necessity very expressively described in the heading of this Chapter), yet if there were some buoys put down at points which they determined at my desire, they would run through this channel without any positive apprehension of danger. They have, however, at the same time frankly acknowledged, that " they " would never take it by choice;" never enter it at all, unless constrained " by necessity," viz. by being " dragged into it by the current, or driven " into it by the wind." They wish for two buoys, one on the north, and the other on the south of the Big Bird; one on Great Limerick, one on Fergus island, one on Little Limerick, one on the Bridge rock, (the Bridges, Gallivan's rock, &c. &c. are in the south channel), and one on the Bank rock, Carrickocloush. They are also very anxious for buoys upon the Small rock, and the Horse rock.

At present, Pilots have to let go their anchors when they find themselves drifting down upon the

Big Bird in the heavy tide: but this resource is not unattended with danger; "for if, after they "have dropped anchor, the tide shall fall, and the "wind change, and the weather become rough "and stormy, they may be driven upon their own "anchor, so that it may go through their bottom."

Since I am on the subject of placing buoys, I think it important that one should be placed on that sunken rock in the Narrows, called Dirty Billy; one near the Hogshead rock; and two others at points which I shall mention hereafter. The one at present near the Big Bird, wants to be attended to and repaired, for it does not "watch."

I am not writing an abstract essay on seamanship; laying down the positions of buoys on a chart, as if they were only mathematical points; I am writing *practical suggestions* upon the means of diminishing the dangers of a particular river; and I wish it to be distinctly borne in mind, that I do not recommend any thing so useless as putting down these buoys in the Shannon (for this would be but to waste money), without at the same time appointing persons, whose interest it should be made to guard them, and to be responsible for their security. I do not know what the law may be upon this matter, but I think that any of those who steal the buoys for the iron of the hoops, ought, if caught in the fact, to be immediately drowned, without any kind of scruple. House-breaking and highway-robbery are as virtues which ought to be

honoured and rewarded, in comparison with this combination of what may be called robbery of merchants, and murdering of seamen.

The Kippen rock lies in a direct line between the noble ruin of Carrickogunnel castle, in the county Limerick, and the ruined mass called the Fort of Cratloe. Now, the great importance of the removal of this rock, will I think be very clearly perceived, on taking into consideration the circumstances which I shall detail. A very strong current sets from Harrold's rock, directly upon the Kippen rock, in both tides, but most dangerous in the ebb. The rock, without taking into consideration the tails, *which do not extend very far*, is about twenty-five yards from north to south, and about seventeen from east to west, and has about six and a half or seven feet of elevation at its highest part, above the slob of the north mud. Now, this rock is so close to the Spit of the Whelps, and so narrow is the channel at this point of the river, that when there is not wind to command a ship, or when you have not a lively vessel, but one that moves like a log in the water; "a heavy, "clumsy, bladder of a ship, that won't answer her "helm; when they are swept down by the rapid "current that sets upon the Kippen, and would be "very glad to hug the north shore [viz. keep close "to it] if they could; if they can't check themselves to the southward with their kedge, they "are obliged to run their vessels themselves upon

" the Spit of the Whelps, that they may not wreck " upon the Kippen." The vessels that strike in this manner, are obliged to remain until the next high tide, when they get off; like the secrets of some men, that stick in their foul grounds while they are sober, but get up steam, and crowd sail, on a spring-tide of wine. They certainly lose that tide at least, and perhaps many more, to say nothing of the risk of injury by running their vessels in the manner I have described, if the weather should become stormy while they are aground; and that they must do it, is certain, " unless they are active " enough with their kedge to keep her from the " rock, by checking her to the southward."

It may be asked, " Why run the vessel upon the " Spit of the Whelps, instead of coming to an- " chor?"—The answer is this: " Unless you have " time to haul the vessel round with boats, if you " drop the anchor from her bows, it will run " through her bottom in some periods of the " tide."

If a vessel strike upon the Kippen, from its nature and form, I think she must either crash on it by her own weight, or tumble off in the manner which seamen call *turtle-wise*, with the falling tide.

The *direct* effect of the removal of this rock, may be inferred from what I have just described; but without hazarding an opinion, I submit for consideration, whether another consequence would not result from it, and one of so much importance,

that the proximate and mediate practical benefit will scarcely be more important than the mediate and more remote one.

In the page where I gave the angles at which the currents set on the different rocks in the Narrows, I mentioned one (the third) which sets "from the Kippen down to the south-west, towards "the Whelps and Scarlets." Now I am very strongly of opinion, that the removal of the rock will annihilate another element of danger in that part of the river; namely, this angle at which the current shoots off from the Kippen, in the direction of the rocks that have been just mentioned.

If the Kippen rock be removed, in addition to the advantage of an increase of the actual breadth of the channel, of several fathoms, the current will I think then set fairly down the north channel, instead of drifting, as at present, at an angle to the south-west; viz. *an angle at which it drifts directly upon the Whelps and the Scarlets.*

The Pilots have often spoken to me, in passing these rocks, of the great benefit that would be done to the Navigation of this part of the Narrows, by clearing the extremity of the tails by the use of a diving-bell, or any other means which I could contrive to put in operation under water; and of course it was impossible that I could dissent from their opinion. But it appears to me, that the removal of the Kippen rock will of itself produce a practical effect, to a certain degree equivalent;

for the danger here is (if I may so express it without quaintness) in a ratio compounded of the length of the Whelps (which diminishes the breadth of the north channel), and of the quantity of the angle at which the current shoots on them from the Kippen. Now if, by removing this rock, you diminish the cause of drifting on them, by a quantity generating, say ten fathoms of latitudinal drift, its effect will be I think equivalent to the actual removal of ten fathoms of their tails. If this were done, and what I am now about to recommend besides, I think this part of the Narrows would be very much improved.

*First*, I strongly recommend, that there should be two buoys put down on the tails of the Whelps and Scarlets, and most firmly moored; with rings in them, to check vessels by, which, in such currents as those of this part of the river, will be found of infinite utility.

*Secondly*, *The sunken rock*, *Shawn-a-Garra*, about thirty fathoms to the north of the Whelps, ought to be marked too—to be avoided.

*Thirdly*, The buoy near the tower of the Scarlets ought to be removed to the north of its present position; and the tower itself ought to be regularly graduated by circular lines of white, and numbers marked on it in white, to shew the depths of water to vessels on the river.

The Kippen rock might be so very easily removed, that I told the Directors of the Chamber of Com-

merce it might be done by any common blaster of rocks in the country.

It is to be observed, that there are many of the tails of the rocks below Limerick, of which parts might be cleared away with very great advantage by the most ordinary kind of labour, and without the necessity of any diving apparatus whatever; by merely getting men to work at low water, and especially at "*great low water in summer.*" Some very useful work of this kind has been already done near the tower of the Scarlet rocks. Men accustomed to work in the limestone crags, and who have acquired that tact in quarrying, which they call in this county (Clare), "*the knack of "getting under the stones,*" would do work of this kind on moderate terms, and I think very rapidly too, if it was given them by task-work, instead of hiring them by the day. The upper parts of the tails being cleared in this manner, the parts always under water might be cleared of the largest and most dangerous masses of rock, either by the use of a diving-bell, or perhaps of another machine, the principle of which I shall hereafter describe. The diminution of danger, if what I have recommended were carried into execution, would be I think to an extent of which those alone who have devoted some attention to nautical affairs, and take an interest in them, can form any conception.

The effects of wintry storms, and sudden squalls, and "*squashes*" of mountain winds, and eddying

gusts in the air, and vehement tides, and angular and eddying currents and floods among rocks and foul grounds in calms, (when of course ships become ungovernable for want of wind); which currents and eddies then become a kind of aquatic storms and whirlwinds; in narrow, sinuous, and rocky channels: these effects, I say, are not at all necessary to be described to those who have ever had any nautical experience; and it is, of course, equally unnecessary to impress on them the advantages, when it can be effected, of rendering these channels less rocky, less sinuous, and less the beds of fierce angular and eddying tides.

Speaking of it as an abstraction, and without any relation to the cost,—no more than if the work could be done by uttering the words, "Let it be "done!"—the greatest improvement, as I have already said, would be clearing the tail of the Cock rock, opposite Conoh-point, to give greater amplitude to the passage, which is here as narrow, and much longer, than any other on the river. *There are not more than twelve fathoms from the tail of the rock to the opposite bank, and it extends in length not less than one hundred and twenty fathoms.* I have measured it at low water, with great care and attention, accompanied by the Pilots. Now, between the tails of the Whelps and the sunken rock, Dirty Billy, there are thirty fathoms; and between the tails of the Scarlet rocks and Gregg island, there are twenty fathoms clear. The whole

breadth of the Shannon at the Cock rock is about ninety-two fathoms, viz. twelve fathoms of channel between the tail and the north mud, and on the south, about eighty fathoms, of rock and foul ground.

"Is not this a narrow place, Sir, to knock a "tack out of a vessel?" was the question of the Pilot Baldwin, in passing here; and his remark which followed, was very forcible and expressive— "If there be some ships here together, the middle "one will find herself in the centre of a hobble!" On hearing this observation, another of the Pilots who was in the boat told me, that "one day he "was going down the river, and that the wind "suddenly took him aback in this passage, and "that he had to *back and fill** through it, and "that several vessels that were above him, seeing "the plight he was in, immediately let go their "anchors." He then said, "I have often given the "tail of the rock a box with a vessel, and couldn't "help it."—I heard him afterwards speak of this

* *Back and fill.*—As the nature of this process may not be generally understood, it will not be out of place to explain it here. Suppose a vessel going down through the narrow passage with a leading wind, and that the wind should suddenly head her; in that case, you bring her head up to the north bank, and then heave all aback, and give her stern-way, till you find her heel coming too near the tail; then square her yards, and fill her sails again, and bring up her head as before; and repeat this process until you have her clear.

to the Captain of one of those vessels that had come to anchor (Captain Doughall), who observed in reply, that "no one who had not actual experience "of the Navigation of the river, could suppose that "the channel was so narrow as it is."

The Cock rock is, in the opinion of the Limerick Pilots, the worst of the worst part of the river, viz. the very worst of the Narrows; for, in addition to what has been already mentioned, "THE WHOLE "OF BOTH TIDES SETS A VESSEL RIGHT IN ON IT."

There are tremendously heavy currents drifting here, and in the other narrow channels in winter, in the ebbs; and by reason of the vicinity of the extended ridge of the Clare mountains, all this part of the Shannon abounding in rocks, and shoals, and foul grounds, in addition to the ordinary danger from storms blowing (to use a poetical expression which has been applied to the wind) "with "unrelenting force" from a particular point—is in winter peculiarly subjected to frequent, furious, irregular, capricious eddying gusts, and squalls and "squashes" of mountain wind. The Pilots are constantly under a necessity of kedging their vessels through these passages.

I ascertained the nature of that part of the Cock rock which is always under water*, in the following manner: I had my boat rowed slowly and stea-

* There are about fourteen feet of water in this passage at half tide. The difference between the highest and lowest tides is about eight feet.

dily over the rocky tail at "great low water," and particularly along its extremity, the Pilots then steering the boat by their land-marks*. I have, upon these occasions, heaved the lead; but instead of raising it as in taking soundings, taking care to have the boat's velocity as nearly uniform as possible, I have trailed it along the bottom. Now I found the actual resistance, and what Pilots term *the jump of the lead*, to be in every part equable. It is particularly necessary that the uniformity of my own motion should be kept steadily in contemplation, as it enables me to deduce a practical conclusion of accuracy quite sufficient for my present purpose.

Having, by the experiment, established the fact of the equality of resistance, and equality of *jump of the lead*, on every part of the rock that was under water, I got out of the boat, and supporting myself in the current by the gunwale, I walked over every part of the tail that was not beyond my depth. Now, as the velocity of the boat was uniform while I trailed the lead along the bottom, there was consequently no secondary cause in operation to generate a variation in the quantity of resistance and quantity of the jump. I therefore infer directly, that the part of the tail of the rock which was beyond my depth, and which I could

* The *little* castle (there are two) of Cratloe, under a particular point of a certain mountain above the wood, and the head of a small island appearing in front of a particular bush at Tervoe.

not walk on, is just of the same nature with that on which I could.

Again—The part on which I walked, was just of the same nature with a part of what is visible above water when the tide is very low; so that, ultimately—trailing the lead along the bottom, and using my legs and feet as instruments of mensuration in the part within my depth, determined the fact I wanted to ascertain, just as well for my purpose as if I had inspected in a diving-bell the bottom of the part beyond it. Neither the loose masses, nor the protuberances which elevate themselves from the rock, are *in general* of any very great magnitude. There are several enormous lumps scattered over the tail; some loose*, and others forming a part of its actual solidity. Now if there were only three, indeed if there were only one, of these masses rearing and upheaving itself above the general level, without having its situation perfectly known; the removal of that single mass would be, for all the purposes of practical navigation, virtually *deepening, by a quantity equal to its altitude, the whole of that part of the channel.*

A clearing of this kind on the verge of the tail, will also give, of course, *an additional quantity to the breadth of the channel.* At present,

* There are some dark masses close to the south bank, which afford an example of the magnitude of some of those which, under water, raise themselves above the general level of the tail of the rock.

however wide the river between Conoh-point and Tervoe, vessels cannot, without striking on those rocks, deviate from the narrow track marked out for them by the bearings. Now, many of those loose masses might be removed under water by the diving-bell, or perhaps by another machine, of which I shall describe the principle, and of which the construction suggested itself to me since I began to meditate on the present subject. Some might be broken under water with wedges, and sledges, and crows, and some of the solid protuberances* blasted with gunpowder.

Many other useful works might be executed at other points of the river—clearing the tails of the Whelps and Scarlets under water, clearing the tail of Laheen's rock, clearing away some of the top of Shawn-a-Garra, &c.; but the immediate advantage would not be by any means proportionate to the expenditure.

The rational mode of proceeding appears to me to be this—Let us, in our generation, make such improvements in the Navigation, at a moderate expenditure, as may cause a proportionate improvement in the commerce of the city—and in the city

* Some very important work was done under water in the Thames, near the entrance to the West-India Docks at Blackwall; but there the substance is not rock, but a concretion of flint and gravel, and other substances; and although exceedingly heavy, gunpowder takes no effect on it, at least not sufficient to use it as an agent.

itself, as the necessary consequence. Let another generation make improvements, at an expenditure proportionate to what Limerick may be then; but let us, in our age and generation, set the example.

In writing upon the improvement of the Navigation of the river of Limerick, I should be guilty, I think, of a very great omission, were I not to mention a plan which was proposed some years ago, of forming a canal, to cut off the reach of the river between the Pool and the Hole. The plan is not mine; but it would be of extraordinary utility if carried into execution. Vessels are now not unfrequently detained, for perhaps seven or eight days together, by the setting in of northerly or of southerly winds;—for, first, if the wind blow ("with unrelenting force" from the north, and unless it be a little free, vessels from Limerick cannot get round the point, and must remain in the Pool; and if the wind blow) unrelentingly from the south, and without being a little free, they cannot get round the point in going to Limerick, but must remain in the Hole.

What I have said, and a glance at the chart, will so very clearly demonstrate the importance of a canal, to permit vessels to pass at all times, that it would be an excess of absurdity, were I to dwell upon it for a moment longer.

I have thus endeavoured to give a general and comprehensive view of the nature of what I propose for the improvement of this noble river; and when

I remember the number of direct inquiries I have made, the number of conversations I have (to use a vulgarism) "set agoing" among Pilots, and Fishermen, and Seamen, that I might extract their essence—I venture to hope that, whenever improvement shall be carried into execution, the foregoing observations may be found useful as a basis.

With the following most practical observation, I conclude what I have to say upon this subject:

In some cases where a work has been commenced, it may be of such a nature (for instance, the Thames Tunnel), that unless it be brought to the point of its actual completion, all the money expended will have been as utterly sunk, to those who advanced it, as if it had uncoined itself and sunk into its native mine. But in what I recommend to have done for the improvement of this Navigation, I could undertake in all cases to point out advantages, in constant and steady proportion to any sums which might be named, from 50*s.* to 50,000*l.* For example:

How might 50*s.* be laid out in an useful improvement?—Send a painter with a brush and a pot of white paint, to graduate the tower of the Scarlets, and paint figures, that the depth of water may be always known.

How 10*l.*?—Put down a buoy, with a ring in it, to check vessels by, in the heavy current on the tail of the Whelps.

How 20*l.*?—Put down another, of the same kind, on the tail of the Scarlets.

How 100*l.*?—Diminish the danger of the north channel.

How 200*l.*?—Remove the Kippen.

How 2000*l.* 3000*l.* 4000*l.* 5000*l.*?—Widen the channel at the Cock rock.

How 20,000*l.* 30,000*l.* 40,000*l.* 50,000*l.*?—Make the canal, &c. &c. &c.

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## *NOTE.*

For a general account of the Navigation between the lowest point I have described, viz. the Herring rock near Ahenish island and the mouth of the Shannon, I refer the reader to the following extract, from "Piloting Directions for the South, "West, and North Coasts of Ireland, from Carn-"sore Point to Rachlin Island; intended to accom-"pany a Chart of those Coasts: compiled from the "Surveys taken by order of the Right Honourable "the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by "Murdoch Mackenzie, sen. and from those of "Captain Joseph Huddart and others, by J. W. "Norie, Hydrographer; in which are described "the Harbours, Anchorages, Rocks, Shoals, Light-"houses, Tides, &c." Printed in London in 1825, for J. W. Norie and Co. Chartsellers to the Admi-

ralty and the East-India Company, and Agents to the Admiralty for the sale of their Office Charts; at the Navigation Warehouse and Naval Academy, Leadenhall-street.

" The river Shannon *is of easy access, in which fleets of the largest ships may ride in safety.* Ships, when a great distance off at sea, may know how to steer for it by the Brandon mountains, which may be seen fifteen leagues off. As they approach nearer to the coast, they will *discover the Blasket islands,* and the light-house on Loop Head. This light may be seen, in clear weather, at the distance of four leagues, and exhibits a fixed steady light.

" The entrance to the Shannon *is formed by Kerry Head on the south side, and Loop Head on the north side;* the latter bears from the former N. N. E. ½ E. *distant nearly eight miles; between them are from fourteen to twenty-seven fathoms.* Fifteen miles E. by N. from Kerry Head, and twelve miles E. S. E. from Loop Head, is Beal Point. Beal Bar is a sandy shoal, or flat, which extends about half a mile northward from the Point. In spring tides, part of it dries about a quarter of a mile from the shore; on its outer edge, or end, are three fathoms, and near to the outer edge are from fourteen to eighteen fathoms; and this part of the deep channel will, unless when the tide is slack, be always distinguishable by a ripple. To avoid this shoal, keep Ray Hill shut in a little by Kilkadrane Cliff. Above *Kilkadrane Point, on which stands a light-house,* is *Carrigahoult Bay, a good place for anchoring:* the marks for this road are, Carrigahoult Castle, bearing N. and Kilkadrane Point, S. S. W. ½ W. in from three to eight fathoms, the ground holding

well. In this bay, the stream of tide runs always southward, about one mile and a half an hour, when strongest. In the channel off Kilkadrane Point, the spring tides run about three miles and a half an hour, and the neap tides run one and a half. The tide flows here until three quarters past three o'clock.

" About four miles E. S. E. ½ E. from Beal Bar, and S. S. W. from the south end of Scattery Island, lies the rocky shoal called Rinanna; on the shoalest part of which, near the north end, are two fathoms and a half; on the other parts are three fathoms and a half at low water. The north end of the shoal lies with Scattery Tower on with the west end of the clay cliff, or south end of Scattery, and a north part of the Hummock, which may be seen on Kilkadrane Cliff, on with the top of Ray Hill. The mark for the south end of it is the top of Ray Hill, just open of Kilkadrane Cliff. To get clear of the south end, keep the top of Ray Hill a little open to the southward of Kilkadrane Cliff, or keep near to Carrigue Island. To go between the shoal and Scattery Island, keep Kilkadrane Cliff on with the south end of Ray Hill; this mark will carry you within a cable's length of the island. None but large ships, when the water is low, need be in fear of this shoal.

" *On the east side of Scattery, you may anchor with Beal Point* (but not the castle), *shut in with the south point of the island, and Scattery Tower bearing N. W. by N.; here you will have six or seven fathoms, on a bottom of strong clay.* On this side of Scattery is *a spit of sand*, which runs out above a cable's length S. S. E. ½ E. from the point near to the old buildings; the least water on it is one fathom. There is also a small rock, about a cable's length from the shore of

Scattery, opposite to Hog Island, which dries. Along the west side of Scattery it is shoal in most parts, about half a cable's length from the shore. On the north end of Scattery is a rock, which lies above a cable's length from the shore, and dries with spring tides: from the east part of this rock is a sand-bank, which extends to the N. E. point of the island. The tide at Scattery island flows until four o'clock. *The spring tides, when strongest, run about three miles and a half in an hour, and the neap tides run one mile and a half.*

"About six miles S. E. by E. from the south end of Scattery Island, is Tarburt Point. *In Tarburt Bay a ship may anchor about a cable's length to the southward of Tarburt Point, in four or five fathoms. This is a better road with the flood tide than with the ebb; the former having very little strength; but the spring ebbs run at the rate of three miles an hour.* To the eastward, and about a cable's length from the opposite shore, lies Carrickvilaan rock, nearly in the direction of a straight stone wall that runs to the top of the rising ground above the shore. You will avoid this rock on the south side, by keeping the tower of Scattery Island on, or to the southward of the high water-mark of Tarburt Point. Between the rock and the shore of Kilkerran, is a passage, in which are two fathoms; to go through which, you should be careful to keep about half a cable's length from the shore.

"About four miles and a half from Tarburt Point is *Labbasheda Bay, where is good anchoring*, about half a mile to the eastward of Red Gap, and nearly half a mile from the north shore, in from three to six fathoms. *Here ships lie out of the stream of the tide, and have good ground.*

" About four miles from Labbasheda Bay is Foyn's Island. *The best anchorage for large ships off this island, is S. E. by E. from Chiracon-house,* and S. or S. S. E. from a small island which lies about a mile to the eastward of that house, in from six to twelve fathoms; the ground good. It is high water about five o'clock. *Spring tides rise sixteen feet, and neap tides eight.*

" Carrikaronki, or the Seal rocks, are two miles and a half to the eastward of Foyn's Island, and one mile E. by N. from the north point of Achnish Island; *they lie nearly in the mid-channel, and begin to appear at two hours' ebb.* To avoid them on the south side, keep the middle of Knockimore Hill a little to the southward of Rinellan Point, or *Beh Castle on with the middle of the low hill that extends northward from the hill beyond Limerick, called the Keeper;* the mark to keep you clear of them on the west side, is the houses on Low Island, in a line with the top of Inshtagrume Hill, &c.

" TIDES.—It is high water on full and change days, at the Tuskar, at 30 minutes after 6; at the Hook point of Waterford, at 30 minutes after 5; at Youghall, at 5; at Cork and Kinsale harbours, at 30 minutes after 4; at Courtmacsherry bay, at 15 minutes after 4; at Castlehaven, Baltimore, and Cape Clear, at 4; at Bantry bay, at 45 minutes after 3; at Kenmare river, and Dingle bay, at 30 minutes after 3; at the Blaskets, and entrance of the Shannon, at 45 minutes after 3; at Foyn's island, in the Shannon, at 5; and at Limerick, at 6 o'clock.

" *Along the south coast of Ireland, the stream of flood sets from the westward, and the ebb the contrary way.* Off the Skellig rocks it divides into two branches, one

stream running northerly along the coast, the other running south-eastward to Cape Clear, and along the south coast of Ireland, for St. George's channel. At the Bull, Cow, and Calf rocks, the stream of flood does not begin to run until it is half ebb on the adjacent shore; nor does the stream of ebb begin to run from the south-eastward, until it is half ebb on the shore. Between the Bull, Cow, and Calf rocks, and Dursey, its velocity, with spring tides, is three miles an hour, neap tides one; in Dursey sound four miles, when strongest; in Kenmare river it is scarcely perceptible, until nearly as far up as Rosmore island, where it runs about half a mile an hour. Near Mizen Head, the ebb runs three miles and a half an hour, making a rough sea; while the flood, except in blowing weather, is hardly felt. Between Cape Clear and Dundedy Head, if above one mile from the shore, the strongest tides do not run above one mile an hour; but when near the headlands, they double their velocity: it continues nearly at this rate as far as the Hook of Waterford, at which point, the meeting of different streams occasions a kind of ripple on the water. Three or four miles off the Hook Point, the tide sets, for equal spaces of time, to the east and west, and the eastern stream runs until eight o'clock; off Cork, till half-after seven. Five or six miles from the shore, its rapidity does not exceed one mile an hour; but the current increases to three near the land. From Waterford to the Saltees, it runs one mile an hour; at the Saltees two miles; and off the Tuskar four miles an hour.

"The northerly stream which divides at the Skelligs, sets in from the S. S. W. running one mile an hour. Spring tides at the Blaskets run about two miles; in

Dingle bay it does not run above half a mile an hour, until near the entrance of Castlemain harbour, where it runs about two miles; *from the Blaskets to the Shannon it decreases its force, and becomes scarce sensible; but up the Shannon, spring tides run three miles and a half an hour; neap, one and a half.*

"The *vertical rise of the tides* at the Tuskar rock is 4 feet; off the Hook of Waterford, 13 feet; between Waterford and Dundedy Head, 11 feet springs, 7 neaps; Cork harbour, 18 springs, 8 neaps; Cape Clear, 11 springs, 7 neaps; Bantry and Kenmare bays, 11 springs, 5 neaps; Dingle bay, 11½ springs, and 7½ neaps; at the Blaskets, 8 springs, 4 neaps; *at the entrance to the Shannon*, 12 *springs*, 8 *neaps*; at Carrigahoult, 11 and 12 feet springs, and 6 and 7 neaps; *from Foyn's island to Limerick*, 16 *feet with springs, and* 9 *feet with neaps;* and time of low water is generally six hours after the time of high water."

There are no directions given in this book for bringing a vessel through the Narrows. It is said that, "IN THIS PART OF THE RIVER, THERE ARE "SEVERAL ROCKS AND SHOALS IN THE CHANNEL," and that "those that INTEND TO GO UP TO THE POOL "OF LIMERICK, SHOULD PREVIOUSLY BE FURNISHED "WITH PILOTS."

# VIOLATION

OF THE

# TREATY OF LIMERICK.

* * * * * * and for this, the tears
And blood of * * * flow on, as they have flowed
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * renew thy rainbow, God!

What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and Truth a gem that loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale,
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

LORD BYRON. *Childe Harold.*

I NOW come to the second part of what I proposed to myself, viz. writing some remarks tending (I should rather, by reason of the difficulty, say intended) to create a doubt of the moral justice of breaking the faith of solemn treaties, and of acting steadily and systematically upon that violation.

I of course approach the subject with that deferential spirit, which the high authorities who are opposed to me cannot fail to inspire. It will appear,

I have no doubt, to many, that, in uniting this with the foregoing subject, I do something like tying together by their tails two crotchets which are in discord to each other, in music; but, notwithstanding this, I shall not deviate from my purpose; for I conceive, that the commercial interests of any city are not less closely intervolved with the political institutions of the country in which it is situated, than with the advantages, either natural or artificial, of its geographical situation.

As the principles of Niccolo Macchiavelli were adopted by William the Third, as his rule of political faith, and as the same rule has been acted upon, without any aberration from its doctrine, since the time of that *Virtue* (William the Third), *of glorious, pious, and immortal memory*, by those thrones, dominations, princedoms, *virtues*, powers, that have had princedoms, thrones, powers, and dominations over Ireland; I think it but fair, to give the advocates of that doctrine a clear stage and fair play, by allowing Niccolo Macchiavelli to speak for himself; and for them, I give some extracts from the 18th chapter of *Il Principe;* in which he not only explains, without any ambiguity, the manner in which Princes ought to keep faith, but illustrates his doctrine by that fulgent example, the assassination by Cæsar Borgia, of the Orsini, after they had been lured by him, under shew of friendship, into the town of Sinigaglia.

I have no doubt my antagonists will acknowledge

my candour, in selecting this chapter, inasmuch as it is the position in which they can make their most desperate stand; for Niccolo Macchiavelli therein declares, that he deems it good to give some account of the proceedings of the Duke Valentino (Cæsar Borgia), because he did not think he could offer any better precepts for the imitation of a prince newly come into power, than the example of his actions.

## CAPITOLO XVIII.

*In che modo i principi debbano osservare la fede.*

QUANTO sia laudabile in un principe mantenere la fede, vivere con integrità e non con astuzia, ciascuno lo intende. Nondimanco si vede per esperienza ne' nostri tempi, quelli principi aver fatto gran cose, che della fede hanno tenuto poco conto, e che hanno saputo con l'astuzia aggirare i cervelli degli uomini; ed alla fine hanno superato quelli che si sono fondati in su la lealtà * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ne mai ad un principe mancherranno cagioni legittime di colorare la inosservanzia. Di questo se ne potriano dare infiniti esempi moderni, e mostrare quante paci, quante promesse sono state fatte irrite e vane per la infedeltà dei principi * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ma e necessario questa natura saperla bene colorire, ed essere gran simulatore e dissimulatore; e sono tanto semplici gli uomini * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dall' altra parte Cesare Borgia, chiamato dal vulgo duca Valentino, acquistò lo stato con la fortuna del padre e con quella lo perdette, non ostante che per lui si usasse ogni opera, e facesse tutte quelle cose che per un prudente e virtuoso uomo si dovevano fare per mettere le radici sue in quelli stati che le armi e fortuna di altri gli aveva concessi. Perchè, come di sopra si disse, chi non fa i fondamenti prima, li potrebbe con una gran virtù fare dipoi, ancora che si facciano con disagio dell' architettore e pericolo dell' edificio. Se adunque si considererà tutti i progressi del duca, si vedrà lui aversi fatti gran fondamenti alla futura potenza; i quali non giudico superfluo discorrere, perchè io non saprei quali precetti mi dare migliori ad un principe nuovo, che l' esempio delle azioni sue: e se gli ordini suoi non gli giovarono, non fu sua colpa; perchè nacque da una straordinaria ed estraordinaria malignità di fortuna * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Ne se fidando di Francia nè di altre forze esterne, per non le avere a cimentare, si volse agl' inganni; e seppe tanto dissimulare l' animo suo, che gli Orsini mediante il signore Paolo si riconciliarono seco; con il quale il duca non mancò di ogni ragione di ufizio per assicurarlo, dandogli danari, veste e cavalli; tanto che la simplicità loro li condusse a Sinigaglia nelle sue mani. Spenti* adunque questi capi, e ridotti i partigiani loro amici suoi, aveva il duca gittato assai buoni fondamenti alla potenza sua avendo tutta la Romagna * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

*Il Principe.*

* Viz. by being murdered.

I have called Limerick the "ancient of days," the venerable city—and

> ——————————— there is given
> Unto the things of earth that time hath lent,
> A spirit's feeling * * * * *
> * * * * * There is a power
> And magic in the ruined battlement,
> To which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower

But Limerick is not only the "ancient of days," and venerable by its antiquity; a seat of the original Irish, and of the Danes; but, as I have said, almost sanctified, made holy unto the Lord, by historical associations, by the tale of the ruthless persecution, the living martyrdom, after the Treaty was broken, of the Irish Roman Catholics—for the faith in which, their fathers and their fathers' fathers had died.

The Code of Penal Law, of "*passionate Self-*" "*Law**" and perfidy, which had its primal origin in the violation of the Articles of Limerick, has shed its baleful effluence upon Ireland for more than a century and a quarter—like the Afreet of the Domdaniel—*the evil spirit created by the wrath of God.*

There is not a place in Ireland, which, in the mind of any one who deserves the name of Irishman, excites associations of historical interest so solemn and profound, as does this ancient fortalice

* Lord Hale.

—not even the Sepulchre of Strongbow, with his figure recumbent in its Habergeon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity—nor the Creek—

> At the Creeke of Bagganbunne,
> Irelond was ylost and wonne—

where her green soil was first incarnadined by the English sword.

I have taken for the heading of this Chapter, some of the inspiration of Lord Byron, the friend of liberty and of Ireland—

> ——————————— for divine
> Should be the light that streams here, to illume
> This long explored, but still exhaustless mine
> Of contemplation———————————

Now, how should this land of the forefathers of the Irish Catholics be described, where it may be said of their oppressors, in the words of Jeremiah, in the Lamentations, that they "*persecute and de-*" *stroy them in anger from under the heavens of* "*the Lord** ?"

As the interests of religion have been made the pretext for the institution of the Code for the prevention of the growth of Popery in Ireland, I shall describe, in language taken from the Holy Scriptures, the sacred Code of Christianity—the state to which Ireland has been reduced by the operation of the other—the Code of Christ, and Mammon, and Lucifer, in conjunction.

*It is the land of the denunciation of the Angel*

* Lamentations, chap iii. ver. 66.

*flying through the midst of heaven, and crying with a loud voice, Woe! woe! woe! to the inhabitants:—the land of the spoiler* and of the flaming sword, which turned every way, and of flying swords, and of arrows drunken with blood; of arrows, the poison whereof, when it entereth a man, drinketh up his spirit† :—the land of the voice of*

* Example.—"They wrung him (Tirone) into undutifulness"—for his possessions.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

† See the pathetic speech of Sir Theobald Butler, at the Bar of the House of Commons, after the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, 1703, against passing *the Act to prevent the further Growth of Popery.* Curry's Review, vol. ii. Appendix.—The following is an extract from this "heart-home" appeal to feeling:

"It is but too common with the son, who has a prospect of "an estate, when once he arrives at the age of one and twenty, "to think the old father too long in the way between him and "it; and how much more will he be subject to it, when, by this "Act, he shall have liberty, before he comes to that age, to "compel and force my estate from me, without asking my leave, "or being liable to account with me for it, or out of his share "thereof, to a moiety of the debts, portions, or other incum-"brances, with which the estate might have been charged, before "the passing this Act?

"Is not this against the laws of God and man; against the "rules of reason and justice, by which all men ought to be "governed? Is not this the only way in the world to make "children become undutiful, and to bring the grey head of the "parent to the grave with grief and tears?

"It would be hard from any man; but from a son, a child, "the fruit of my body, whom I have nurst in my bosom, "and tendred more dearly than my own life—to become my "plunderer, to rob me of my estate, to cut my throat, and to "take away my bread—is much more grievous than from any

*weeping, and of sore weeping, and of bitter weeping; and the voice of trembling and fear, and not of peace, because of the fierceness of the oppressor and his fierce anger:—a land where tears run down like a river, by day and by night:—the land of torture and torment, and of the groans of men under the scourges of the tormentors; the groan of agony of him that surviveth, and of him that dieth in the bitterness of his soul:—a land where the task-masters made the people serve with rigour, and made their lives bitter with hard bondage, and where all the service that they made them serve, was with rigour; because the task-masters said one unto the other, Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us; but where the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew—*

*A land that hath drunken the dregs of the cup of*

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" other; and enough to make the most flinty of hearts to bleed " to think on't. And yet this will be the case, if this Bill pass " into a law; which I hope this Honourable Assembly will not " think of, when they shall more seriously consider, and have " weighed these matters.

" For God's sake, Gentlemen, will you consider whether this " is according to the golden rule—To do as you would be done " unto? And if not, surely you will not, nay, you cannot, with- " out being liable to be charged with the most manifest injustice " imaginable, take from us our birth-rights, and invest them in " others, before our faces."

*trembling, and wrung them out, in the presence of those who ride upon the high places of the earth in terrible majesty; whose hearts are as a stone, yea, hard as a piece of nether millstone; who say, that the valley of slaughter*, and the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, shall be holy unto the Lord, and for ever.*

*The land in which the people have cried unto the Lord God Almighty, Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers have praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste:—a land of no joyful voice, of no voice of gladness; but the land of the voice of wailing and the voice of weeping—the land of* THE HARP ALSO, THAT IS TURNED INTO MOURNING:—*the land of houses filled with doleful creatures, where every one shall howl, weeping abundantly:*

*The land of him who crieth in his wrath unto his Creator, when laughed to scorn by the oppressor—*

*Let the night perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.*

* See Sir John Davis's Historical Relations; see Morryson's Account of the Famine; see Spenser's View of the State of Ireland; see Pacata Hibernia.—N. B. The ornament over the portrait of Sir George Carew, is the capital of a column, on which is a death's-head, crowned with laurel; Death very properly getting the glory of that pacification of Ireland.—To save trouble, see *every* History of Ireland.

*Let that day be darkness, let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it:*

*Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it, let a cloud dwell upon it, let the blackness of the day terrify it.*

*As for that night, let darkness seize upon it, let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.*

*Lo! let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein.*

*Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning:*

*Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark, let it look for light, but have none, neither let it see the dawning of the day;*

*Because it shut up not the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.*

*Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?*

*Why did the knees prevent me; or why the breasts that I should suck?*

*For now should I have lien still, and been quiet; I should have slept—then had I been at rest,*

*With kings and counsellors of the earth, that build desolate places for themselves;*

*Or with princes that had gold, and filled their houses with silver;*

*Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been, as infants which never saw light:*

*There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest;*

*There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of* THE OPPRESSOR*!

* The answer given to the Petitioners against the Bill for the Prevention of the further Growth of Popery in Ireland, is heart-breaking. Sir Theobald Butler, holding the Articles of Limerick in his hand at the Bar of the House of Commons, described them as "Articles solemnly engaged to them as the public faith of the "nation; That all the Irish then in arms against the Government "had submitted thereunto, AND SURRENDERED THE CITY OF "LIMERICK, AND ALL THE OTHER GARRISONS IN THEIR "POSSESSION, WHEN THEY WERE IN A CONDITION TO "HAVE HELD OUT TILL THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN RE-"LIEVED BY THE SUCCOURS THEN COMING FROM FRANCE; "that they had taken such oaths to the King and Queen, as by "the said Articles they were obliged to take," &c. &c. "That "the case of the Gibeonites (2 Sam. xxi. 1) was a fearful example "of the breach of public faith, which, above an hundred years "after, brought nothing less than a three years' famine on the "land, and stayed not until the lives of all Saul's family atoned "for it. That even among the heathens, and most barbarous of "nations, all the world over, the public faith was always held "sacred and binding; and that surely it would find no less regard "in that Honourable Assembly."

The same, and other arguments, against the passing of this Bill, were suffered to be pleaded at the Bar of the House of Lords, but were equally disregarded by both Houses. The Petitioners were told, "THAT IF THEY WERE TO BE DEPRIVED "OF THE BENEFIT OF THE ARTICLES OF LIMERICK, IT "WOULD BE THEIR OWN FAULTS; SINCE, BY CONFORMING "TO THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION, THEY WOULD BE EN-"TITLED TO THESE, AND MANY OTHER BENEFITS; THAT "THEREFORE THEY OUGHT NOT TO BLAME ANY BUT "THEMSELVES!!!"

*Oh! thou afflicted, tost with tempest, and not comforted!*

*Howl! howl! howl! and wallow in the ashes, for the burden of thine afflictions!*

*It is the clime of clouds and thick darkness, of gloom, and the day of blackness—a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death*, without any order, and where the light is as darkness!—the region of the lightnings and the thunder, as it was in the ancient days, the generations of old—the region of the spirit of fire; of thunderings, and lightnings, and voices, and an earthquake; of voices, as when the seven thunders uttered their voices, when the Angel cried, That there should be time no more!—the land where the Lord hardened the hearts of the rulers†, that they have*

* So as thereby they are the bolder to enter into evill actions, knowing that if the worst befall them, they shall lose nothing but themselves, whereof they seeme surely very carelesse.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

† The discourse of Sir Stephen Rice at the Bar of the House of Commons, against the Bill for preventing the further Growth of Popery, delivered, not as a Counsel for the Petitioners, but as a Petitioner who would be aggrieved by the passing of the Act—contains a very sound and manly argument on "the original in-"stitution of all right" in the abstract. Sir Stephen Rice spoke at the same time when that affecting appeal was made to natural feeling, of which an extract has been laid before the reader. Sir Theobald Butler thought with the Scythian exile—"And men "will remember, there is nothing which more beseemeth the "nature of men, than to feele by compassion the greefes of "men." His auditory, however, were of a different opinion. Sir

*sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind—the land of the day of vengeance in the heart*, and of the*

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Stephen Rice's argument will be found in the following extract from the Appendix to Curry's "Review of the Civil Wars of "Ireland:"

"It was admitted on the part of the Petitioners, that the le- "gislative power cannot be confined from altering and making "such laws as shall be thought necessary for securing the quiet "and safety of the Government; that in time of war or danger, "or when there shall be just reason to suspect any ill designs to "disturb the public peace, no articles, or previous obligations, "shall tie up the hands of the legislators from providing for its "safety, or bind the Government from disarming and securing "any, who may be reasonably suspected of favouring or cor- "responding with its enemies, or to be otherwise guilty of ill "practices: 'or indeed to enact any other law,' said Sir Stephen "Rice, 'that may be absolutely needful for the safety and ad- "vantage of the public—such a law cannot be a breach, either of "these, or any other like Articles. But then such laws ought to "be in general, and should not single out or affect any one par- "ticular part or party of the people, who gave no provocation "to any such law, and whose conduct stood hitherto unim- "peached, ever since the ratification of the aforesaid Articles "of Limerick. To make any law that shall single any particu- "lar part of the people out from the rest, and take from them "what by right of birth, and all the preceding laws of the land, "had been confirmed to and intailed upon them—will be an "apparent violation of the original institution of all right, and "an ill precedent to any that hereafter might dislike either the "present, or any other settlement, which should be in their "power to alter—the consequence of which is hard to imagine.'"

* "To shoot all persons carrying flags of truce from the "rebels, appears to have been a maxim with His Majesty's "forces. The measure may have been wise, but it may have

*avenger of blood—the land of the battle and of the*

" rendered the rebels more ferocious, and prevented the escape " of loyalists, who otherwise might attempt to run from the " rebels, and take refuge with the royal troops."—*Rev. Mr. Gordon's History of the Rebellion in* 1798.—Mr. Gordon was a Protestant Clergyman.

The following Letter of Bagnal Harvey, the General of the Wexford Army, is one of the most important documents of that direful time. The massacre on the bridge of Wexford, and the burning of the barn at the foot of the Carreckburn mountain, which has scathed the page of history with " black fire and horrour," soon after followed.

*Copy of a Letter from B. B. Harvey to Francis Glascott, Esq. then in the Camp of Slievekiltagh.*

*Dear Sir—I received your letter, but what to do for you, I know not: I, from my heart, wish to protect all property—I can scarce protect myself; and indeed my situation is much to be pitied, and distressing to myself. I took my present situation in hopes of doing good, and preventing mischief. My trust is in Providence—I acted always an honest disinterested part, and had my advice been taken by those in power, the present mischief would never have arisen. If I can retire to a private station again, I will immediately. Mr. Tottenham's refusing to speak to the Gentleman I sent into Ross, who was madly shot by the soldiers, was very unfortunate—it has set the people mad with rage, and there is no restraining them: the person I sent in, had private instructions to propose a reconciliation; but God knows where this business will end—but end how it will, the good men of both parties will be inevitably ruined.*

*I am, with respect, your's,*

*B. B. HARVEY.*

Harvey, soon after the defeat of the rebel army, was taken in

*voice of the trumpet*, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting!*

Is this exaggeration? No; it is not exaggeration; try it by practice, which unfortunately the Devil has invented to contradict any theory on which its truth may be denied.

I pass over the Rebellion of 1798, when, if the French Armament had landed in time to co-operate with the Insurgent Army, as surely as the Lord liveth, the two countries would have been riven asunder. I pass over that period and 1803, and I ask, What was the state of the South of Ireland within the last five years, so recently as the winter of 1821-22? I shall describe it; but I shall first make a few observations on what occurred in the summer and autumn. His present Majesty visited that country; and the spirit of his reception by the people of Ireland is written in the Chronicles of the Kings of England. It was the natural consequence of that enthusiastic exaltation of hope, which, on every principle of moral reasoning, they were justified in cherishing.

It is a remarkable circumstance, which deserves

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a cave in an island off the shore of Wexford—tried—of course found guilty on the clearest evidence—and executed at Wexford. He was a man of humanity, who execrated the atrocities perpetrated by wretches who seemed to have made themselves "drunken with blood" in their frantic revenge.

* For Ireland being a countrey of warre (as it is handled), and always full of souldiours.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

particular attention, that, during the very time while His Majesty was in the capital, holding his court and his revel, that the frightful Insurrection of 1821-22 had its incipience. It is remarkable, because Ireland is still unconciliated, although that period afforded such proof of the intensity of the perfection with which the system of government has been organized, to be possessed by the *Afreet* of internal convulsion.

The winter, the dreadful winter that followed His Majesty's visitation to Ireland, brought with it, not only private conspiracy, and rebellion, and battle, and murder, and sudden death, but pestilence and famine followed in its train.

To incite the peasantry of Ireland to acts of violence, must, of course, as Hamlet says, be as "easy as lying," with that predisposition to disturb the social order, which has so fatally been their characteristic. But why? Let the past Governments of Ireland answer the question.

In the warehouse of the Gentleman who lithographed the Chart of the Shannon, I once saw a "Geographical and Historical Map of Mount "Ætna." The directions of the lava in the different eruptions were delineated by black lines, from a black centre; and the dates of the different eruptions were given in the margin. The Map was called "Geographical and Historical." The *Historical Map* of Ireland is the map of a volcano. At the season of which I am writing, the South

exhibited the *spectaculum atrox* of the dissolution of social order and civil society in the convulsion; and Newcastle in particular, became a very Pandemonium; a den, "where murder breathed her "bloody steam." Murders were perpetrated in the very noon-tide; midnight assassinations, and the conflagration of houses, were common occurrences; and torture was inflicted with a frightful barbarity. If any gave information to the Magistrates, they were sure to be made away with; and the efforts of the military sent out to quell the disturbances, were in general utterly laughed at in derision, by an insurgent force that had scouts in every direction, and that was acquainted besides with every by-path, and glen, and bog, and ford, and wood, and mountain-pass, and den, and place of ambush, and place of retreat, in the country; that dispersed at the approach of day-spring, with the morning mists, and condensed, like the night-clouds, with the nightfall shade*.

* *Eudoxus.* Would you leade forth your army against the enemy, and seeke him where he is to fight?

*Iren.* No, Eudoxus, that would not be; for it is well knowne that he is a flying enemie, hiding himselfe in woodes and bogges, from whence he will not drawe forth, but into some straight passage or perilous fford, where he knowes the army must needes passe; there will he lye in waite, and, if hee finde advantage fit, will dangerously hazard the troubled souldiour. Therefore to seeke him out that still flitteth, and follow him that can hardly bee found, were vaine and bootlesse.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

The newspapers were filled with the direful accounts of these noon-tide murders and midnight assassinations, and of the torturings, and of notices containing denunciations of woe, and fire, and blood, given to intended victims; and men stood aghast, and the blood curdled to their hearts, in reading of their fatal fulfilment in the conflagration of houses, and the murder, sometimes even by burning, of their inmates, with circumstances of accumulated and complicated horror.

These murderous notices were sometimes of pure diabolical atrocity; for instance, letting the persons know to whom they were directed, that they should be hanged upon a certain tree for a gallows, with a rope twisted out of their own guts. At other times these notices were rendered, if possible, more deeply appaling, by the intermixture of images of levity and jocularity with their dismal denunciations; for instance, a coffin was chalked or drawn with a piece of burnt stick upon a door, and a scrawled paper stuck upon it, desiring the owner to prepare his coffin, as by a certain time he should see the moon and seven stars shining through his body, viz. by being stabbed, and shot by several bullets.

The settlement of the German Palatines at Ballingrane, near Rathkeale, was every night in the situation of a place under siege. The Palatines were embodied into a corps of yeomanry (called the Palatine Corps); and they were every night

under arms at the entrance of their settlement, and prepared for an attack by the infatuated insurgents.

What were called the Prophecies of Pastorini, were then very generally supposed to exert a baleful influence on the minds of the peasantry; and this threw a character of ghastly mystery over all the fell deeds that were hourly perpetrating.

Limerick was that winter crowded with families from the country, who sought in it an asylum, under the protection of the military garrison, from the horrors with which they were encompassed while they remained at home; when every house in the disturbed districts was a little fortress.

The garrison, composed of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and well-appointed police, were always on the alert, and never for a moment unprepared for the insurgents. On one night they got the alarm, and were immediately under arms, and the cannon was drawn out on the road which leads to Rathkeale. There was an account, not true, however, that the insurgents were advancing to an attack upon the city. Upon that occasion an express was sent to this town (Ennis), and Clare Castle, for a reinforcement for the defence of Limerick.

The mail-coach from Killarney to Cork had been attacked and plundered, and shattered to pieces, near the turnpike at Carrickaminny. The passengers and coachman were made prisoners, and a skirmish took place on the Black Rock

mountain above the road. After this, the mail ran through that part of Ireland, like what Spenser would call a wheeled "little wooden fortilage," with a garrison on its platform—the guard with his blunderbuss, and pistols, and sword; and six soldiers with their bayonets, and muskets primed and loaded.

The insurgents were in hordes upon the Cork mountains, and an engagement had taken place between them and the military at a place called Desure. These mountain wilds are at some miles from Macroom: the road passes through a dreary waste of marsh, and river, and wood, and a tract in chasms and ravines, known by the name of the Breaks.

A horde of the insurgents, with a multitude of women and children, without any tents or cattle, but with a number of horses, had stationed itself upon the summit of the mountain of Desure. Their first object was "to take Macroom, and then to "take the gentlemen's houses, and have all Ireland "to themselves!"

The road near this leads, ascending, by the side of a wild mountain stream that rushes down between it and the precipitous brow of a rocky hill: on the opposite side of the road from the stream and hill, a long ditch stretches from it obliquely, (but at a small angle), and behind this "the red "Soldiers"—so called by the peasantry, to distinguish them from the Rifles, who are in green—

and the Rifles themselves, after advancing, took their position; and a party of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the Macroom Yeoman Cavalry, were on the left of the line. About a third of the insurgents descended from the mountain, where "they were as thick as crows: the mountain was "*black* with *White-boys*," and "with horns blowing in all parts," posted themselves in a kind of line along the precipitous brow of the hill, and the firing commenced on both sides, across the road and stream.

After some time the firing of the insurgents ceased: they retreated, were pursued and routed by the cavalry; and throwing away their pikes, and guns, and swords, and in many instances their coats and shoes, became "a rabblement of runnegates, "scatterlings, and outlawes," among "the woodes, "and mountains, and bogges."—"They did not "think there were so many soldiers in the world; "they thought they were engaged elsewhere," viz. near Bantry, where there had been a kind of "rabblement" skirmishing some time before. The remainder of the horde vanished from the mountain summit like a cloud swept from it by a storm. A number of prisoners were taken. The gate-keeper at Macroom Castle, a Hanoverian, told me, that at one time he had thirty confined in the turrets of the gateway.

In some time after, several of these infatuated

wretches, after being tried and convicted, were executed on a gallows upon the mountain-side.

A Special Commission had been held in Limerick, and the scenes which followed condemnation, were sometimes deeply impressive. As those prisoners on whom sentence of death had been passed by the Judge, were brought back from his presence to the jail, they were encompassed by a crowd, and some of their family and kindred walked, with piercing shrieks, as near them as they could be permitted by the dragoons, and soldiers, and policemen who formed the guard—others, with weeping and bemoaning, as if attending them on the bier, kept up through the streets, from the court-house to the prison, the wild and thrilling *Ullalu!* and the *Ovoah! Ovoah!*—the dismal wail of the Irish funeral cry. Men sometimes accompanied the procession, clapping their hands, without giving utterance to words, or with a kind of stifled hollow moan. It was not uncommon to see a young woman, perhaps his wife or sister, endeavouring, in the heart's agony, to grasp the hand of one of the prisoners; and I observed, upon one occasion, an old woman, who had rent away the vesture of her bosom, and whose grey hair fell on her shoulders without any covering, with eyes that were haggard wild, and with frantic gestures and frantic outcry, sometimes rushing forward to the head of the escort, and sometimes running back to the side

of the prisoners, that she might take a last look of one, whom from appearances, I supposed to be her grandson*.

The winter itself was one of gloom, and storm, and clouds; and of such ever-deluging rain, that in this county we predicted the coming famine, by the failure of our oat and potatoe crops, with as much certainty as we predicted the coming of the spring.

A party of the insurgents one night crossed the mountains (see the Chart), intending to attack Rossmanaher Castle, and get possession of the arms of the Rossmanaher Corps of Yeomanry; but they were surprised, attacked, and routed, at the entrance to a little wood near the river Ougarnee.

There was no further disturbance in Clare; but a short time afforded a melancholy example of the state of the country—the man who gave information of the intended attack upon the castle, was murdered near Six-mile bridge.

* Also the Gaules used to drinke their enemyes blood, and painte themselves therewith. So also they write, that the old Irish were wont, and so have I seene some of the Irish doe, but not their enemyes but freinds blood; as namely, at the execution of a notable traytor at Limericke, called Murrogh O-Brien, I saw an old woman, which was his foster-mother, take up his head, whilst he was quartered, and sucked up all the blood that runne thereout, saying, that the earth was not worthy to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her haire, crying out and shrieking most terribly.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

Decisive measures had been early taken in Clare, to prevent the progress of the insurrection, or rather chaotic disorganization of social order, which had taken place in some of the counties on the south of the Shannon. A meeting of the Gentry was held at Newmarket-on-Fergus, in Tradree, at which the late Lord Mount-Charles, who was Colonel of the Clare Regiment, presided; and Resolutions were entered into, declaratory of their determination to act with the greatest union and vigour in the suppression of any disturbance. Other Resolutions were at the same time passed, expressing their sympathy and commiseration of the sufferings of the peasantry of the county, under the most afflicting privations, caused by the visitation* of a season of such unprecedented inclemency.

In speaking of the portentous gloom that spread itself over the land, I should not omit the following circumstance: The Gothic Cathedral of Limerick

* "Ah! Sir," said a Clare peasant to me some months after, in speaking of the succour afforded by England in the day of distress and tribulation—"but for them [the people of England,] "'tis many a thousand in this island that would have nothing to "do but to lie down by the road, and die."

The stream of English sympathy and private generosity then rolled through our county like the Shannon at Carrickaholt—

"The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea"—

the political sympathy and political generosity of the same people to Ireland, being like the channel of the same river at Cratloe, at the passage of the Cock rock, viz. "*the very narrowest of the* "*Narrows.*"

was that winter the place of enthronization of Dr. Elrington, the present Bishop of Ferns, who, while he was Provost of the University, suppressed that noble Institution, the Historical Society. By this act, he, who should have been its protector, made the intellectual spirit of Ireland suffer, "what the year would suffer, if deprived of the "spring*."

* After the Act of William the Third, for compelling "all "Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-General, Deans, Jesuits, "Monks, Friars, and all other regular Popish Clergy, and all "Papists exercising any Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to depart the "kingdom;" and after some other Acts of the same nature against the Catholics, which not only *did not* "preserve them from any "disturbance on account of their said religion" (the words of the Article of the Treaty), but absolutely (as Harris sagaciously remarks), "GAVE THEM INFINITE DISTURBANCE on account "OF THEIR RELIGION"—there was another Act passed, for restraining Foreign Education; which was rigorously executed during the reign of that pious Monarch and the succeeding one.

I take from the notes of the "Review of the Civil Wars of "Ireland," by "honest Curry," as he has been well called by Moore, in his own "*Sun-burst*" of Irish History, the following admirable observations, in the "Letter of an English Commoner "to a Peer of Ireland:"—"Whilst this restraint upon foreign "and domestic education was part of an horrible and impious "system of servitude, the members were well fitted to the body. "To render men patient, under a deprivation of all the rights of "human nature, every thing which could give them a know-"ledge or feeling of those rights was rationally forbidden. To "render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be "degraded. Indeed I have ever thought the prohibition of the "means of improving our rational nature, to be the worst spe-

During that winter I was frequently in Limerick; and though many of the nights were of the most wintry character, there was one which made an impression that I shall never cease to remember. I passed late (it might have been about an hour after midnight), along the Shannon-side; it was dark, and dreary, and stormy, in squally gusts, and frequent showers of heavy rain; the moon sometimes, but very rarely, and without shewing her form, lighted the clouds with a pallid watery light; but so pale, and faint, and transitory, as in general to be perceptible for little more than a few moments in its apparition and evanishing. The night-wind sometimes sighed softly and mournfully on high, around the top-masts and lifts of the top-sail yards of a ship near the wharf; and sometimes, "the winde that wheestleth and cryeth "like doleful ghosts," did whistle and cry over the distant strand; and sometimes, at irregular and capricious intervals, when the stormy squalls and gusts rushed from the mountains, it moaned and howled through the round tops, and blocks, and condensed cordage of the shrouds. The solitude was dismal; for no one but myself was abroad by the river-side. The Shannon had been swoln to

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"cies of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind "ever dared to exercise. This goes to all men, in all situations, "to whom education can be denied."—*Letter of an English Commoner to a Peer of Ireland.*

a torrent by the incessant rains of the season, and the white foam on a part of it, faintly appeared through the darkness. The wild and dreary shrieks of some sea-gulls, or other water-birds, which I could not see, were the only sounds of animated nature that smote upon my ear in that midnight desolation. The darkness deepened almost to blackness; the rain came on, and fell with violence, and plashed and pattered upon the pavement near the wharf where I was standing; and the sound of the rain, and of the howling wind, and the roaring of the wide and rapid flood over its rocky bed, and the dreary shrieks of the sea-birds, heard through the darkness—were sounds, at that hour, of solemn, deep, and mystic wildness. The whole scene, and the hour, were in accordance with the spirit of the time—mysterious, ghastly, wild! When I got home, I wrote a description of it; and I said to myself while I was writing it, "'Tis a night to "remember Limerick in its history!"

The Marquis Wellesley came over as our Vice-Roy; and, by the vigour and justice of the spirit of his administration, incohate order soon began to evolve itself from the chaos. Lord (then Mr.) Plunket, one of those "pure intelligential substances, with thoughts that wander through eternity," took the place, as Attorney-General, of Mr. Saurin, an admirable lawyer, but, as a politician, possessing every qualification, had he lived in the time, to take a lead in that Parliament called *Parliamentum*

*indoctum*. The late Lord Chancellor Manners, a Nobleman of amiable private character, and so remarkable for the dignified courtesy of his deportment, that a very good-natured pun was made upon his title, was well fitted, as a politician, to be linked arm in arm with Mr. Saurin. As an Equity Judge, I never heard living being breathe a doubt of his integrity; and I declare from my soul, that if a Catholic and a Protestant came before him, as individuals, I do not think that Aristides himself would have dispensed more even-handed justice. There is, near St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, a chop-house, called "Dolly's," not far from an hotel yclept the Goose and the Gridiron, to which, in pious commemoration of the orgies of the Beef-Steak Club of Dublin, I hope his Lordship will make pilgrimages, to eat his midnight beef-steak on the nights of their meetings.

There is a concentrated essence of rotten brains, and rotten hearts, of ludicrous absurdity, and ghastly iniquity, in the spirit of the Code of Catholic Persecution. I know of no example so exquisite, of the common judgment on this subject, as that of Scrub*, (enlightened and educated, for he could draw warrants); he hated a Priest and Popery, as he hated the Devil; and he loved—What? Why, with his enmity to Priests and Popery, he "loved Gipsy to distraction; though "he knew her to be as great a w— as ever wore

* Comedy of The Beaux' Stratagem.

"petticoats!" His hatred and his love were alike rational and well founded.

We Protestants believe (*have* FAITH) in *incomprehensibilities* ourselves, yet we very courteously and consistently sneer at the Catholics, because their faith, expanding beyond our own, extends their creed to *some other incomprehensible mysteries; as if there were greater difficulty in making a myriad of incomprehensibilities a matter of faith, without demonstration*, than one!!! Then the PRACTICAL absurdities and contradictions are so utterly astounding! We make alliances with foreign Catholic Princes, and fight, like the Seven Champions of Christendom, with the French against the heathen Turks. Do we ever question the veracity of a Roman Catholic, who gives useful evidence in our favour, in a Court of Justice?—Oh, no! "they "are all, all honourable men." Furthermore, we profess to believe even their political veracity, to a certain extent; for we actually administer to them political oaths—as if truth were an abstract quantity of such a nature, *that fractional parts of it* might be taken, without destroying their essence. We treat truth as if, instead of being a pure, ethereal, and immutable essence; pure as the very Hyaline of Heaven—it had been made up and compounded of jarring, and chaotic, and contradictory elements!

These are not the speculations of the cloisters of a convent, or a college; *they are the result of mark-*

*ing, by melancholy example, the practical working of a system founded upon such a basis*.*

I have described the state of Ireland during the last convulsion. In the year 1796, there was an invading fleet (that which afterwards anchored at Bantry) within the mouth of the Shannon; and in the year 1798 there was a Rebellion; and through "the windy-gap," the mountain-pass of Barnageehy, near Lough Conn, a French force swept, like a mountain-wind; and after a battle at Mount Sion, got possession of Castlebar, and over-ran half a province before they surrendered. And yet these practical lessons are all lost upon our Rulers!

The words of deepest wisdom I ever heard on the subject of the Catholic Claims, were the words of the Marquis Wellesley, in a Debate in the House of Lords—"*The Noble Lord has said,* "*'Shew me your dangers, and then I will shew* "*'you my securities;' now, with the Noble Lord's* "*permission, I will reverse the proposition, and* "*say,* SHEW ME YOUR PRESENT SECURITY!"

After the departure of the perfidious Ferdinand from Cadiz, while the French army was in the town, and their fleet in the harbour, I happened one day to take up a Spanish newspaper, in which was an article translated from one of the Paris

* "By this book I will not swear one word of truth to-day "on the table."—The salvo of a wretch going into court, intending to perjure himself, is no bad illustration of the spirit of the law.

journals of the time: it was on the increased facility of invading England by means of steam. As I laid down the paper, I called to remembrance those oracular words of the Marquis Wellesley, (they were uttered in 1812); and I said to myself in my soliloquizing, *And England is generating in Ireland the steam for its invasion!*

There is a discourse on religious liberty by the Abbé Gregoire; a composition of splendid eloquence, in which there is a sentence which merits profound attention, as affording even a case beyond the common—the extreme case of the effect of the spirit of persecution. The denial of toleration is not only the means of perpetuating the religion persecuted, but, by a creative (or I should rather say *re-creative*) energy, it again calls into being, sects which, before its operation, had ceased to have existence. "*Ainsi crier sans cesse* " *contre des castes qui n'existent plus, c'est les* " *re-creer par le fait.*" (Discours de Gregoire, 1st Nivoise, An 3, 21st December, 1794).—This discourse of Gregoire is one of the noblest pieces of eloquence that was ever composed, as an abstract reasoning on the effects of persecution. It was originally intended to be read in the Convention; but Gregoire was interrupted by some of the members, who, possessing "the logic of the " lungs," substituted uproar for reasoning; and he published it. It is astonishing how persuasive the legs are occasionally, in some other assemblies, and

how often questions, point-blank in the teeth of common sense and justice, are carried, by overwhelming majorities of eloquent legs, in a division.

I shall now illustrate the subject, not of the recreation, but of the perpetuation of a sect, by a ray of the irradiation of "the light of the song*."

There was never any thing written, that at all, as a description of the wild convulsive working of passion, approaches the confession of the dying infidel of Lord Byron. The expiring Giaour is like Ajax Oilous in his death agony, convulsively emitting flames, *expirantem flammas*, from a thunder-riven bosom; and yet there is not within the range of poetry, a creation (in contrast, as it were, to this) more exquisitely, more intensely beautiful, than that being—less of earth than of heaven—an almost æthereal existence—a daughter of the spheres—the young English Roman Catholic—the last of her race—that being of celestial loveliness, the Noble Orphan, AURORA RABY.

And then there was * * * * *
* * * * * there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass;
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

* Daughter of Toscar, bring the harp; the light of the song arises upon Ossian's soul!—*Ossian.*

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie
By death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
And griev'd for those who could return no more.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
AND DEEM'D THAT FALLEN WORSHIP FAR MORE DEAR,
PERHAPS BECAUSE 'TWAS FALLEN: her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel pow'r; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young*!

* Don Juan, Canto xv.

Now why have I introduced here this exquisite piece of poetry? I have done it to introduce with deeper interest, an account of a ceremonial of the Roman Catholic religion, in itself very picturesque and solemn, but which derived deeper and more mournful solemnity from the period when it was written: I copied it from a Connaught newspaper in the early part of 1822—that awful winter which I have described.

There was in the olden time, as we read in the records of the antiquities of this country, at the foot of a mountain in Muskerry, a religious house, named Ceall-Nander—*the Cell of Tears.* But alas! every religious house, and every dwelling of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, has since become the same. In one of these—the Presentation Convent in Galway—the ceremonial took place which is here described.

"*Presentation Convent of Galway.*

"Miss Joyce, daughter of Walter Joyce, Esq. of Merview, was yesterday received among the pious and exemplary Sisterhood of the Presentation Convent. Scarcely have we ever witnessed a scene more sublimely imposing. The young and promising Daughter of our most respectable and esteemed Citizen presenting herself at the Altar of her God, in the abandonment of every earthly consideration; in the sacrifice of every thing that could bespeak permanency to social life and to social hap-

piness; in the dedication of her exalted talents, of her young and innocent loveliness, of the world's promise, and the world's hopes—must indeed be capable of awakening in the breasts of all a generous and a dignified association, whilst it affords a high and important colouring to the completion of her future existence, and her ultimate destiny.

"At half past nine, the *O Gloriosa Virginum* was sung from the higher choir, with the accompaniment of select musical performers. The procession then began to move from the vestry through the lower choir of the chapel, in the following order:

"The Thuriferere,
"The Acolythes,
"The Master of the Ceremonies,
"The Sub-Deacon,
"The Deacon,
"The High-Priest,
"The Celebrant,
"And his Trainbearer.

"The Very Reverend Warden French, having been conducted to his faldastorium under a rich canopy, the High-Priest and his officiating Ministers retired to their places, at the Gospel side of the Altar.

"And now all was breathless expectation—the young Postulant appeared in the attendance of the Reverend Mother and her Assistant, robed in all the gaudy extravagance of fashionable splendour,

and beaming in the glow of youthful modesty and beauty; which taught us to believe that, had she remained in the world she forsook, she would have moved in the attraction of every heart—

'The leading star of ev'ry eye.'

The Very Reverend Celebrant was then conducted to the platform of the Altar, and the Postulant and her attendants having genuflected, the ceremony of reception began with the preparatory prayers and responsories.

"When the Novice was seated and the Celebrant reconducted to the faldastorium, High Mass commenced with peculiar dignity, and with a strict precision in all the various ceremonies which always render the Roman Catholic service sublime. After the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Daly delivered an excellent Sermon, addressed particularly to the Novice, and prefaced by a text admirably pertinent to the subject he handled—'Hearken, O Daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; thou shalt leave thy people, and thy father's house, for the King hath greatly desired thy beauty, and HE IS THE LORD THY GOD*!'

"After Mass the Novice retired, whilst the clerical choir chaunted, in full tone, the Psalm, '*In exitu Israel de Egypto.*' At the conclusion of the Psalm she re-appeared, disrobed of her worldly habiliments, and vested in the simplicity of pe-

* Psalm xlv.

nance and retirement. In the different answers to the questions put to her by the Celebrant, she was clear and decisive, like one whose determination of embracing a life of religion and of charity, was that of long and conclusive reflection.

" The ceremony, on the whole, created a deep and general interest. When we sat down to write, we were determined to decline the entire; but knowing full well the impossibility of conveying an idea of the feelings that were enkindled, we shrank from the task, as too arduous for description. We cannot, however, conclude without speaking of our admiration of the science and efficiency of the higher choir. The music was well selected, and equally well executed; the musical talents of the young Lady who sat in the choir were highly appreciated; the flutes and violoncello formed a strict harmony; and solos, sung through several passages in the '*Gloria*,' were impressive and manly.

" We almost deem it superfluous to congratulate the Sisterhood on the acquisition they have this day received—they know how to cherish and esteem it."

Now, the practical use I want to make of this description, is to ask a question—Had not every Catholic who was present at that ceremonial, made vows internal, and acted on, of a nature precisely similar to those of the Novice, and only differing a degree, of " an abandonment of the world's pro-
" mise, and the world's hopes," and " earthly con-

" siderations," by clinging stedfastly and with stern fervour to their fallen religion*? Did not every one of that communion participate in the sublimity of the sacrifice which was that day made at the Altar? The Novice was in the ceremonial but as a beautiful spirit—a mystic visible symbol of the internal spirit of Irish Catholicity in its " *Cell of Tears.*" I have called not only the religious houses of Ireland, but the private dwellings of the Roman Catholics, by this doleful name.

To the English reader the following fact may be new, as an example; and the fact is a curious one to be recorded in history: After the defeat of the French army at Ballinamuck, in the year 1798, many of the French soldiers escaped into the mountain-wilds of Connaught, and found an asylum among the peasantry for a considerable length of time, unmolested by local authorities, who did not deem that they were powerful enough to take the invading Frenchmen prisoners out of their asylum. There they remained, domesticated, and sharing the every-day labour of the natives, until they were taken back to France by degrees, and at long intervals, by smugglers. I say the French soldiers found a permanent asylum in the British dominions —and I say that not they alone, but British subjects, found an asylum, at the very same time, among these dreary wilds—" wilds," to use the

* " And deem'd that fallen religion far more dear."

LORD BYRON.

very words of the respectable and intelligent Gentleman who informed me of the fact, while he pointed out on a map, the part of Connaught, "like "the Island of Desolation?" Who were these?—They were the unhappy Roman Catholics, who had been driven out of Ulster by the Orangemen, by the Notice, "*To Hell or Connaught!*" posted on their houses. They did fly to Connaught, and abandoned their dwellings, to escape a new habitation, in what Ossian calls *the narrow house*—the grave.

I have given, from the Connaught newspapers, a description of a Roman Catholic ceremony—I shall now say something of one of the festivals of the Orange Church of Ireland, as celebrated some years ago in the capital. I do not write it for the pleasure of writing the description, but for the purpose of asserting an opinion, which I do with the utmost confidence.

It was the custom in Dublin, on the 4th of November, and 12th of July, King William's birthday, and the Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, to bedizen the equestrian statue of the pious Monarch in a blue scarf and a profusion of orange ribbons, and to dress the bottom of the hoof of his charger with a knot of green. The Garrison and Yeomanry, on these glorious and pious festivals, were called out, and wearing orange lilies in July, and orange cockades in November, with artillery, and with bands, and drums, and

fifes playing party tunes, "Boyne Water," "Pro-
"testant Boys," &c. &c. they marched to College-
green, and surrounded the statue of the great
"King William the Third, of glorious, pious,
"and immortal memory, who saved us from
"Popery, interlopery, brass money, slavery, and
"wooden shoes." They then fired three vollies,
and then gave three vollies of yells of joy. They
then went home, or to the Orange Lodges, to
drink with nine yells more, the glorious, pious,
and immortal memory of "the great King Wil-
"liam, the Prince of Orange, of glorious, pious,
"and immortal memory, who saved us from Po-
"pery, interlopery, brass money, slavery, and
"wooden shoes." Then came the choral swell of
voices, roaring at midnight through the streets—

July the first, in Old-bridge Town,
There was a grievous battle;
And many a man lay on the ground,
And cannons they did rattle.

Once, the night before this pernicious mummery, some humourist begrimed the jobbernole of the Idol with half a bucket of pitch; so that, when dressed in the morning in its bedizenry, to receive its sulphurous incense from the mouths of the cannon, and musketry, and Orangemen—it looked like a London sweep on May-morning, decked in gold-leaf and ribbons. At that time crowds of the Catholics used to be present, to witness this pageant.

Now, what I affirm is this, and I do it without hesitation, in my firm conviction of its truth—If any Chief-Governor were to be guilty of the infatuation of ordering this ceremony to be revived, there is scarcely a Catholic in Dublin who would go within view of the statue. The Catholic Association has rolled through them a tide of vital feeling.

In throwing together these practical remarks on the general spirit of Irish politics, I ought not to omit what follows, as it appears to me to contain an admirable exposition of the real nature of a doctrine which we Protestants very courteously designate as a damnable and idolatrous superstition—the doctrine of Transubstantiation. I heard it in a discourse from the Altar in Limerick; and it may be naturally supposed that I listened with peculiar interest to an exposition of that doctrine from a Roman Catholic Altar in Limerick, when I called to remembrance the practical consequences of not being conscientiously able to swear to a disbelief of it—a want of FAITH in it. I did not take any notes in the chapel, and only wrote it from memory when I went out; so that I have to apologize to the Reverend Clergyman for any inaccuracy in the words; but I know that I am not mistaken in the spirit of the argument.

*Limerick, Sunday, Sept. 9, 1827.*

The Reverend Gentleman, Dr. Hogan, who this morning addressed his congregation from the Altar in this city, after speaking of the reciprocity of the duties between the Pastor and the Flock of his pasture, gave the following powerful exposition of the Roman Catholic Doctrine of Transubstantiation—a doctrine which we Protestants, by a form of expression as soft as the fall of the dew of heaven upon the roses of Eden, call a damnable superstition—idolatrous, &c. &c.

" * * * * * of the Mass which I have this morning celebrated, they (the Protestants), from the King himself upon the throne to the lowest person who holds an office, are under a necessity of taking an oath that this Mass is damnable and idolatrous.

" Now, before taking this oath, they ought to inquire into its foundation—and if they did inquire, they would find their error; for, in this case, the ignorance is not necessary nor inevitable; in order to obtain a knowledge of the truth, nothing more is requisite than to make the inquiry.

" With respect to Christian charity and brotherly love, I love a Protestant as well as a Catholic: Protestant, Presbyterian, Turk, Jew, or Atheist, are all equally the object of my fraternal love. But all things have their limits; even the ocean itself has its boundaries—' thus far shalt thou

'proceed, and no farther'—and although to this extent I proceed, as far as CHRISTIAN CHARITY and LIBERALITY are concerned, the very moment the question touches DOCTRINE, from that moment I become unyielding; I make no concession of a single iota; and I am obdurate in my adherence to every point, in its uttermost minuteness, of the *doctrine* of the Church of which I am the Minister. Now Christ himself, at the Last Supper, says plainly and without ambiguity, 'THIS IS MY BODY, 'AND THIS IS MY BLOOD;' and Christ says in another place, 'Unless you believe my words, you cannot 'be saved * * *

hand of God! The adoration is therefore, not to the bread, nor to the wine, but to HIM*."

* *Eudox.* But come wee now to that whereof wee earst spake; I meane, to religion and religious men: what order will you set amongst them?

*Iren.* For religion little have I to say, my selfe being (as I said) not professed therein, *and it selfe being but one, so as there is but one way therein; for that which is true onely is, and the rest is not at all;* yet, in planting of religion, thus much is needefull to be observed; that it bee not sought foreibly to bee impressed into them, with terrour and sharpe penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildnesse and gentlenesse, so as it may not be hated before it be understood, and their professors despised and rejected. And therefore it is expedient that some discreete Ministers of their owne countrey-men, bee first sent over amongst them, which, by their meeke perswasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, may draw them first to understand, and afterwards to imbrace, the doctrine of their salvation; for if that the auncient Godly Fathers, which first converted them, when they were infidells, to the faith, were able to pull them from idolatry and paganisme to the true beliefe in Christ (as S. Patricke and S. Columb), how much more easily shall Godly Teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already professed? wherein it is great wonder to see the oddes which is betweene the zeale of Popish Priests and the Ministers of the Gospell; for they spare not to come out of Spaine, from Rome, and from Remes, by long toyle and daungerous travayling hither, *where they know perill of death awayteth them, and no reward or richesse is to be found, onely to draw the people unto the Church of Rome;* whereas some of our idle Ministers, having a way for credite and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the countrey offered unto them, with-

"Fair play is bonny play," says the Scotch proverb; and having given this exposition of the Article of Faith of the Roman Catholic Church, as I heard it from a Catholic Altar in Limerick, I shall say a few words upon that mystery which is sworn to be a superstitious, idolatrous, and damnable doctrine. It was attempted to be ridiculed in a piece of very profane and shallow ribaldry, by Swift, in the Tale of a Tub; who, talking of the "loaf of bread," and the "excellent mutton," and the "bottle of wine," treated a religious spiritual mystery as a mere matter of physical fact; like an experiment in a philosophy-school, to be determined, not by faith, but by reasoning, and the evidence of the senses. This was equally shallow and unjust; for he himself, when he repeated his creed, professed his own belief in other incomprehensible mysteries—I take for example the Incarnation, as the one which accords best with my purpose, to expose his want of candour and Christian charity. It is quite evident, that to a cotemporary of the Blessed Virgin Mary (for instance, to

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out paines and without perill, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they may doe, by winning soules to God, bee drawne foorth *from their warme neastes*, to looke out into God's harvest, which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long agoe; doubtlesse those good olde Godly Fathers will (I feare mee) rise up in the day of judgement to condemne them.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

St. John), who looked for the coming of the Messiah, of "*the word*" which "*was made flesh**," under the predictions of the Prophets—this mystery of the Incarnation would be quite as difficult to be comprehended (or I should rather say, as utterly removed from comprehension, an "incomprehensi-"ble"), by MERE REASONING, as the mystery of Transubstantiation at this very hour. The want of common fairness in Swift is the greater, because, if he believed the New Testament (had faith in it), he must have believed in the change of the wine into water, at the marriage-feast at Canna in Gallilee; and he must have professed to believe also in the power of multiplication of bread and animal substance, as he professed to believe in the miracle of the loaves and fishes in the wilderness.

What would a Protestant Bench of Bishops say of the fairness of a man who should argue against the mystery of the Trinity, by arguments taken from the dialogue in Lucian, between Diogenes and the Shade of Hercules in Hades?

The Shade, an emanation from the mortal father Amphytrion, was in hell, holding conversation with Diogenes. The body was in ashes upon the pile upon Mount Æta, and the divine part in heaven with his divine father Jupiter.

"Fair play," my Lords Bishops, I repeat it, "is

* "Και ο λογος σαρξ εγενετο."—ST. JOHN, chap. i. verse 14.

"bonny play;" and it is very hard that we shall have the right of calling our Catholic fellow-subjects, and noble Allies against the Turks, superstitious idolaters, for having faith in incomprehensibilities, while we ourselves make incomprehensibilities articles of our own. My Lords, you seem to think there could not be freedom in England, unless we could beat our own "Niggers."

In the old "Historie of Ireland," by Campion, is the following passage about "the meere Irish:"
"In some corners of the land they used a damnable
"superstition, leaving the right armes of their
"infants (males) unchristened (as they tearmed
"it), to the intent it might give a more ungra-
"cious and deadly blow."

The right hand that wrote the Tale of a Tub, seems to have been undipt in the baptismal font; and I have read some charges of other Church Dignitaries of Ireland, which appear to have been written with hands, for which their sponsors did not choose to answer.

I, of course, do not speak lightly of the humour of Swift—no one can: I merely speak of the particular instance in which he has exhibited the antics of Grimaldi, if Grimaldi could have been guilty of the impropriety of selecting the Oriel sanctuary of Westminster Abbey for the stage of his buffooneries. There is a point which I cannot pass over without making an observation; because there is no "*Uncatholicness*" in the Irish Roman Catholic

Clergy, and because they exert themselves with vital spirit in the cause of civil and religious liberty of their country. There are multitudes who clamour against their conduct, as unbefitting their function, as inconsistent with their holy calling, &c. &c. and all the cant of this age of cant. Why, if they are only idolaters, they can have no holy calling; and if they have a holy calling, why call them idolaters? This, I must say, comes well from persons who speak of the Church of England as a bulwark of civil liberty—a pillar of the state, &c. &c.—as if it were a more sanctified duty of religion to preserve than to acquire constitutional liberty!

There is one point, however, in which I think the Church, as by law established, has shewn great consistency in Ireland. In that country, "truth, wisdom, justice, *sanctitude severe*," are its great characteristics; and its wisdom and consistency are pre-eminently demonstrated by the following fact. As it soars into regions more sublime and celestial, and less clouded by idolatrous mysteries than the Romish superstition, it has very wisely taken a proportionally deep and expansive rooting upon earth, in church lands: it has rooted itself like the Andes mountains—

"——— the roots of the Andes
"Strike deep in the earth,
"As their summits to heaven
"Shoot soaringly forth."

LORD BYRON. *Manfred.*

I have taken many extracts from *Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*—I shall now give the commencement; and it is a mournful reflection, that, by the substitution for some antiquated terms of their modern equivalents, it might be at this very hour, at the end of more than two centuries, the dialogue of two persons holding conversation on the same subject.

Eudox. *But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.*

Iren. *Marry, so there have bin divers good plottes devised, and wise councels cast already, about reformation of that realme; but they say it is the fatall destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation; or that hee reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England—it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared.*

Eudox. *Surely I suppose this but a vaine conceipt of simple men, which judge things by their effects, and not by their causes; for I would rather thinke the cause of this evill, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceed rather of the unsoundnes of the*

*councels and plots which you say have bin oftentimes laid for the reformation, or of faintnes in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatall course appointed of God, as you misdeem; but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurdity, or their actions succeede not as they would, they are alwayes readie to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so to excuse their owne follies and imperfections. So have I heard it often wished also (even of some whose great wisedomes in opinion should seeme to judge more soundly of so weighty a consideration), that all that land were a sea-poole; which kinde of speech is the manner rather of desperate men farre driven, to wish the utter ruine of that which they cannot redress, then of grave councellors, which ought to think nothing so hard, but that thorough wisedome, it may be mastered and subdued; since the Poet saith, that "the wise man "shall rule even over the starres," much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperate phisitian to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to apply the best indeavour of his skill for his recovery? But since we are so farre entered, let us, I pray you, a little devise of those evils, by which that country is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And if it be not paineful to you, tell us what things, during your late continuance there, you observed to bee most offensive, and greatest impeachment to the good rule and government thereof.*

Iren. *Surely, Eudox. The evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those which were hidden in the basket of Pandora. But since you please, I will, out of that infinite number, reckon but some that are most capitall, and commonly occurrant both in the life and conditions of private men, as also in the managing of publicke affaires and pollicy, the which you shall understand to be of divers natures, as I observed them; for some of them are of verie great antiquitie and continuance; others more late, and of lesse indurance; others dayly growing and increasing continuallie by their evill occasions, which are every day offered.*

Eudox. *Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them; for there can be no better method then this which the very matter itselfe offereth. And when you have reckoned all the evils, let us heare your opinion for the redressing of them; after which, there will perhaps of it selfe appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evils, and following the offered good. The which method we may learne of the wise phisitians, which first require that the malady be knowne thoroughly, and discovered; afterwards, to teach how to cure and redresse it; and, lastly, doe prescribe a dyet, with straight rule and orders to be dayly observed, for feare of relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other, more dangerous then it.*

Iren. *I will then, according to your advisement, begin to declare the evils which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land; and, first, those (I say) which were most auncient and long growne. And they also are of three sorts: the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the last in Religion.*

Eudox. *Why, Irenæus, can there be any evill in the Lawes; can things which are ordained for the good and safety of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them?*

Iren. *The Lawes, Eudox.* * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * In conversing one day with an old Seaman about currents, I happened to mention to him, that during a voyage, after making way by beating all the day, we sometimes found ourselves on the following morning, by looking at the shore, not farther advanced than we had been in the evening—the current drifting us back during the night, as far as by beating we had made with the wind. He told me in reply, that "he was once for some "days abreast of the island of Celebes, that the "sails of his vessel were always filled, and that "she appeared to them on board to be making "way very fairly, except when they looked at "Celebes; but when they did, they thought the "island was enchanted, for it appeared to be sail-"ing along with them the whole time."

Now why was this? They had fallen into a

current whose force and direction were equal, and contrary to the wind. They might as well have been at anchor—the only difference was, that the strain was on their masts instead of their cable.

How does it happen, that Ireland has been so nearly stationary, in respect to any fixed point in the moral ocean, for more than two centuries; taking the present situation as I have described it, and comparing it with Spenser's View of it in his day? "The Lawes, Eudoxus."—It is because she has fallen into a baffling current of Laws and Institutions heading her against the wind—the moral gale of the age—which, under other circumstances, would give her moral way.

In my observations for the improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon, I have not only given the directions of the currents, and their velocities, and angular driftings among the rocks and shoals, and the positions of the rocks and shoals themselves; but I have also given an account of the wreck of different vessels navigating the Narrows, and of the actual circumstances under which those wrecks occurred.

Upon the very same principle, I should wish the reader to judge of the state of Ireland, "so mise-
"rably tossed and turmoyled with those variable
"stormes of affliction wherein she hath thus
"wretchedly been wracked."

"History is Philosophy teaching by example;" and I want that the judgment of the reader on the

state of Ireland, may be formed upon a contemplation of historical facts, and not upon speculations and abstractions, for the palaces, and pavilions, and orange bowers of Utopia. Let the spirit of the Laws be observed, their practical working, and the state of Civil Society, which, under their sway and operation, has been generated in Ireland—let their goodness be tried by the actual conformity of their effect, with that which is the ultimate object for which all laws are supposed to be made, viz. the security and happiness of the people.

I now come to my ultimate purpose, and ask the question, Can the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and the institution of the Penal Code, be consistent with "*fairness*," upon any principle of moral reasoning? Will any one have the hardihood to affirm, that it was consistent with the eternal and immutable principles of ethical justice in the abstract? That William the Third was not bound by the Treaty, "in Heaven and in earth, "before God and before man, by law and by na- "ture, and nothing but onely hell was remaining "for his farther assurance*?"—Yes, there are per-

* The Edinburgh Review contains an exquisite parenthesis on the Treaty of Limerick, in the review of Parnell's History of the Penal Code.

The following is an extract containing the parenthesis: the whole article is particularly well worth an attentive perusal.

"These Articles were signed by the English General on the "3rd of October, 1691, and diffused comfort, confidence, and

sons who would deny it; for there are persons who, upon an emergency, would either deny or affirm any thing in the universe—persons in whom you may observe a great sea-serpent of a lie, writhing and twisting itself under water for days, and weeks, and months together, and then, without farther contortion, suddenly and sublimely rearing its head to the height of the top-gallant-mast head.

With them I am not going to argue—they know "the influence that religion and gold have on "men's minds." The question, therefore, of the "fairness of not keeping any faith with the Irish "Roman Catholics, after they had been lured into "a surrender of Limerick (their principal fortress) "by a TREATY," must be determined upon another principle, viz. upon the meaning of the term, "*fairness*"—not in its "Gorgorean rigour," which would petrify all at once the opponents of the Catholics; but in another signification, less restricted—not upon the relation of the infraction

"tranquillity among the Catholics. On the 22d of October, the "English Parliament excluded Catholics from the Irish House "of Lords and Commons, by compelling them to take the Oath "of Supremacy before admission. In 1695, the Catholics were "deprived of all means of educating their children at home or "abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians to their own "children—then all the Catholics were disarmed, and then all "the Priests banished. AFTER THIS (probably by way of joke), "an Act was passed to CONFIRM the Treaty of Limerick. The "great and glorious King William," &c. &c.

of the Articles to the immutable principles of abstract ethical justice, but upon its relation to those principles, as modified by expediency.

Now, in this analysis of the meaning of the term, "*fairness*," it appears to me, that it would be a very difficult matter to discover what occult and mighty magic could invest with the attribute of expediency, a system*, the practical working of

* The late Mr. Curran, who possessed deeper power in the pathetic, than perhaps any other man that ever addressed a Jury, is, in one of his Speeches (that in the action of Hevey against Sirr), endeavouring to shew that the general publication of the transactions would be of use, as the means of letting England know the real condition and state of Government in Ireland; and that the detail of a single authenticated fact is more likely to make an impression, than a more comprehensive, but general picture. He then says—"If, for instance, you wished to convey to the "mind of an English matron, the horrors of that direful period, "when, in defiance of the remonstrance of the ever-to-be-"lamented Abercromby, our poor people were surrendered to "the licentious brutality of the soldiery by the authority of the "State; you would vainly endeavour to give her a *general* pic-"ture of lust, and rapine, and murder, and conflagration. In-"stead of exhibiting the picture of an entire province, select a "single object; and even if that single object do not release "the imagination of your hearer from its task, by giving more "than an outline, take a cottage; place the affrighted mother "of her orphan daughters at the door, the paleness of death "upon her face, and more than its agonies in her heart; her "aching eye, her anxious ear, struggle through the mists of "closing day, to catch the approaches of desolation and dis-"honour. The ruffian-gang arrives; the feast of plunder begins; "the cup of madness kindles in its circulation; the wandering

which has been so disastrous, and of which the want of equity is as portentous as the absurdity upon which it is founded!

Ireland and England are united. Is there nothing of expediency in that? They are united, no doubt. Who denies it? And so are the husband and wife, who once a week, or oftener, give each other bloody noses, and are occasionally pulled up at Bow-street, and bound to keep the peace towards each other.

A serpent has been just made the subject of a metaphor—I may as well now take from it another

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" glances of the ravisher become concentrated upon the shrinking " and devoted victim. You need not dilate, you need not ex- " patiate; the unpolluted mother, to whom you tell the story " of horror, beseeches you not to proceed; she presses her child " to her heart; she drowns it in her tears; her fancy catches " more than an Angel's tongue could describe; at a single view " she takes in the whole miserable succession of force, of pro- " fanation, of despair, of death. So it is in the question before " us. If any man shall hear of this day's transaction, he cannot " be so foolish as to suppose that we have been confined to a " single character, like those now brought before you."

Again, he proceeds—" And as to England, I cannot too often " inculcate upon you, that SHE KNOWS NOTHING OF OUR " SITUATION. When torture was the daily and ordinary sys- " tem of the Executive Government, it was denied in London, " with a profligacy of effrontery equal to the barbarity with " which it was exhibited in Dublin; and if the facts that shall " appear to-day should be stated at the other side of the water, " I make no doubt but very near one hundred worthy persons " would be ready to deny their existence upon their honour, or, " if necessary, upon their oaths."

illustration, since that, "cursed above every beast of the field," was the primal cause of evil in the world, by interfering in the duties of the being of creation to the Creator. There is somewhere a story of a monster, composed of a man and a starving serpent. When the serpent wanted to eat the man—" O " dainty duck, O dear !"—it found by its internal sensations, that it was also ingorging some of its own identity;—and when the man wanted to strangle the serpent, he found, by a certain squeezing of his own windpipe, that he was taking a regular lesson in the mystery of the hangman.

Like Christ himself, who was " a man of sor- " rows, and acquainted with grief," his Catholic Church of Ireland has been a Church of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—if grief was ever in the world; and what is the consequence? Hear it in a parable: According to that wild Arabian tale on which Thalaba has been founded, the evil Magicians, who, before they fell under "*the Destroyer*," had their dwelling in the halls of Domdaniel, under the roots of the ocean; excited storms at their pleasure upon any part of the surface of the globe, by touching in the Domdaniel the corresponding point of their self-suspended spherical Altar. Until the two countries are really united by community of interest, the power of raising storms, both upon the land and the deep, must ever be ready in Ireland, by the mystical sympathy between the Altar in *Ceall-Nander* and Catholic Christendom.

There is one practical precept which I wish to reiterate, as I have often repeated it, and impressed it with fervor at the last meeting of the Catholics of this county, when they did me the high honour of appointing me to preside in the Chapel as their Chairman. It is this: That although their vessel be sometimes obliged to put back to port for repairs, in consequence of the bursting of the boilers, by using very high-pressure steam in their speeches; yet still their hope depends upon their clamouring incessantly for manumission. If, like Bottom, the weaver*, they "aggravate" their "voice "so," that they "will roar you as gently as any "sucking dove;" if they "will roar an 't were any "nightingale," they are lost.

The Catholics either think they have not a right to freedom, or that they have. Now, if we suppose they do not believe it, we ought to treat them as impostors, and not even receive their Petitions; but if we are persuaded that the men really do feel deeply and indignantly—how, in God's name, would we have them conduct themselves? Would you have them silent, that they might transmute our indifference into contempt; or, if in our benignity we do condescend to allow them the right of complaining, what mathematical formula of expression shall we substitute for their speeches?

Put $x$ for liberty, the quantity sought; put $a$ for

* Midsummer Night's Dream.

your sense of justice; *b*, for your sense of expediency; *c*, for your ignorance of the state of Ireland; *d*, for your prejudice; *p*, for your pride; and I think that from these elements we shall evolve a mathematical speech which may defy the Attorney-General:—for as liberty will be obtained by adding the square root of your sense of justice to the square root of your sense of expediency, minus the cube of your ignorance of the state of Ireland, minus the fourth power of your prejudice, minus your pride (which is infinite, $p \times \infty$), raised to that power whose index is infinity—the rhetorical formula will be as follows:

$$\sqrt{a}+\sqrt{b}-c^3-d^4-\overline{p \times \infty}^{\infty}=x.$$

Now this formula, spoken (like an Admiralty speech) by a telegraph, without any of the carnations, and hyacinths, and violets, and roses, and wild roses, and passion-flowers of oratory, will be an admirable substitute for the impassioned harangues of the Popish Agitators of the Catholic Association, every man of whom too (except myself) speaks with the brogue; which is an additional reason why they ought to be silent, lest the people of England should find their accent become "degenerate English," by reading their Speeches in the newspapers.

So much for algebraical reasoning. A word on *feeling:* There is a question which I often put—and it cannot be too often put to Englishmen,

when they put coals under their own boilers, and inveigh against the Catholic Agitators for using such high-pressure steam-engines in the speech-manufactory of the Association—" You are an " Englishman—now, if you were under the same " circumstances, would you, or would you not " despise yourself, unless you acted in the very " same manner ?"

But are we never to be united ?—Is the name, *Erin*, indeed derived from the Greek word signifying contention ; and has Erin, like Athens in the ancient tragedy, been placed under the ban* of

* AN ACT OF GRACE.

*The Transplantation of the Irish into Connaught.*

" Cromwell† and his Council, finding the utter extirpation of the nation, which they had intended, to be in itself very difficult, and to carry in it somewhat of horror, that made some impression upon the stone-hardness of their own hearts, after so many thousands destroyed by the sword, fire, famine, and the plague, and after so many thousands transplanted into foreign parts—found out the following expedient of transplantation, which they called an *Act of Grace:* There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and large river, and which, by the plague, and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land, they required all the Irish (*' whom Cromwell had declared innocent of the rebellion,'* says Leland) to retire by a certain day, under the penalty of death; and all who, after that time, should be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, might be killed by any body

† Clarendon's Life, vol. ii. p. 116.

the benediction of the Furies? Is the principle on which this country is to be ruled, to be, *Divide et*

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who saw or met them."—*Curry's Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland.*

"These gentlemen," says an intelligent contemporary and impartial writer, "were thus transplanted, without cattle to stock that land, without seed to sow, or plough to manure it; without servants, without shelter, without house or cabbin to dwell in, or defend them from the wolves, or from robbers, or from heat or cold, or other injuries of the air. And the miserable Irish so transplanted, must not even in those small tracts allotted for them, within the narrow precincts of some parks in three or four counties of Connaught and Thomond, pitch in any place, or fix their dwelling-houses, or take any lands within two miles of the Shannon, four of the sea, and four of Galway, the only city within their precinct: they must not enter this town, or any other corporate or garrisoned place, without particular orders, at their peril, even of being taken by the throat."—*Walsh's Reply to a Person of Quality*, p. 145.

I have been told of a jailer of Kilmainham, who kept an inn near the prison, and who was in the habit of giving, for the entertainment of his guests, an account of his going to Cork with some convicts who were sentenced for transportation. He let some of them loose every night, and said, "it was astonishing "how kind the people of the country were to them on the jour-"ney—that the number of presents, fowls, clothes, &c. that "were given them, was quite surprizing."

Now hear the Rev. Dr. Leland on the *Act of Grace*, to those whom he himself tells us "Cromwell had declared innocent of "the rebellion:" "*Connaught was reserved entirely for the Irish,* "*under the qualifications determined by Parliament. Here they* "*were to confine themselves, and to enjoy their several propor-*"*tions of land; that so the new English Planters might pro-*"*ceed without interruption, and without that danger of dege-*

*impera*, for ever and ever?—Is the model of the State Letters of her Governors to be, in two centu-

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" *nerating which former ages had experienced from an inter-*
" *course with the Irish; and the natives, divided by the Shan-*
" *non from the other provinces, and surrounded by English*
" *garrisons, might be restrained from their old barbarous incur-*
" *sions.*"—Leland's History of Ireland, vol. iii. p. 396.

Since I am writing on the subject of Political Faith, I do not think I can do better than introduce in this note, an extract of a Letter from the Marquis of Ormond to Lord Byron, after Cromwell had got possession of Tredah, (Drogheda). First hear Curry:

" With these forces he, on the 3rd of September, besieged
" and took Drogheda by storm; and although all his officers
" and soldiers had promised quarter to such of the garrison as
" would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any
" place held out which encouraged others to yield; yet when
" they once had got all in their power, Cromwell, being told by
" Jones that he had now the flower of the Irish army in his
" hands, gave orders that no quarter should be given; so that
" many of his soldiers were forced to kill their prisoners."—
*Curry's Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland.*

" The Marquis of Ormond, in a Letter to Lord Byron on this
" occasion, says, ' *that Cromwell exceeded even himself, for any*
" *thing he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody*
" *inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there, for five*
" *days after the town was taken, would make as many several*
" *pictures of inhumanity, as are to be found in the Book of*
" *Martyrs, or the relation of Amboyna.*'—In this carnage, out
" of three thousand, he left only about thirty persons alive; and
" these he sent to Barbadoes."

There is in Ireland a quaint rhyme, written on the death of Cromwell—

" Oliver Cromwell hurried to his woe,
" Justly rewarded by a *quid pro quo.*"

ries hence, when they want to describe their mode of quieting* her people, to be found in this extract from Pacata Hibernia?

"*As for Sir Finnin O Drischall, O Donnevan,*
"*and the two sonnes of Sir Owen Mac Cartie,*
"*they and their followers, since their comming in,*
"*are growne very odious to the rebels of those*
"*parts, and are so well divided in factions amongst*
"*themselues, as they are fallen to preying and kill-*
"*ing one an other; which we conceiue will much*
"*availe, to the quieting of these parts. I, the De-*
"*putie, am this day going towards Dublin, from*
"*whence your Lordships shall heare from mee,*
"*according to the directions given mee by your*
"*Lordships.*"

Are thought and deed, to be fierce and fell? Is Ireland to be for ever at unrest? and is the darkness of Ireland, *triste y horroroso*, to be for ever the blackness of "a cloud instinct with fire?" Shall the chief Bard of Ireland†, in two centuries hence,

* *Macduff.* The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
*Rosse.* No; they were well at peace when I left them.
MACBETH.

† As of a most notorious thiefe and wicked out-law, which had lived all his life-time of spoyles and robberies, one of their Bardes in his praise will say, That he was none of the idle milke-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterprises; that he did never eat his meat, before he had won with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabbin under his mantle, but used commonly to keepe others waking to defend their lives, and did

celebrate the achievements of some descendant of Captain Rock, and inspire him to emulate the martial glories, and sanctimonious attention to "ecclesiastical affairs*," by which his great ancestor was so distinguished? Shall his lay be in 2027—

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light his candle at the flames of their houses, to leade him in the darknesse; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yeeld to him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his musick was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people and clashing of armor; and, finally, that he died, not bewayled of many, but made many waile when he died, that dearly bought his death.—Doe you not thinke, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applyed to men of best deserts? Yet are they all yeelded to a most notable traytor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made, and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought (as their manner is) for fourty crownes.—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland.*

* [SCENE—*Ireland.*]

*Pursuers (at a distance).* Stop that villain! Stop him! Stop him!

*The Man pursued.* O! blood and ounds, boys, don't stop me—clear the way!

*People.* What did you do?

*The Person pursued.* I only killed a Proctor. [*Exit, running.*

*(One of the Pursuers enters)*—Why didn't ye stop that villain, when ye heard me screeching to ye?

*People.* Why, what did he do?

*The Pursuer.* He stole my shirt.

*People.* O O O! the thief of the world! he tould us that he only killed a Proctor—we'll catch him for you directly—O O O! the murdering vagabone!

[*Exeunt, running, and yowling and screeching.*

" Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,
" Rock's the boy to make the fun stir?"
And—
" Where art thou, Genius of Riot?
" Where is thy yell of defiance?
" Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet?
" And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and O'Briens?
" Up from thy slumber, O'Branigan!
" Rouse the Mac-Shanes and O'Haggarties!
" Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man again—
" Never let Heffernan say, 'what a braggart 'tis!'
" Oh! when Rebellion's so feasible,
" Where is the kern would be slinking off?
" CON OF THE BATTLES! what makes you so peaceable?
" NIAL THE GRAND! what the dev'l are you thinking of?"
CAPTAIN ROCK.

Are the songs of the Minstrels of Erin to be for ever, "*The Song of Sorrow*"—"*Weep on! Weep on!*"—"*The Lamentation of Limerick*"—and "*The Dirge?*"—and is the music of Ireland to be for ever, in its wild and doleful swell and fall, the voice of agony, and its dreary echoes of the heart in its breaking?

The very finest piece of political irony I ever met with, is to be found in that book of Mr. Moore, which I have called by the name of the ancient Irish Banner†—*The Sun-burst* of Irish History. When Captain Rock, under vehement apprehension that order and tranquillity might be established in Ireland, by some measures of conciliation which

† * * * * glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world,
When Truth, like the Sun-burst, indignantly starting,
* * * * * * * * MOORE.

These are some of the words adapted by the Author of the *Melodies to that* exquisite Irish air, Sauourneen Deelish.

were said to be contemplated by the Government, expresses his fears to his aged father, he, who knew better, by long experience, exhorts his son not to be disheartened by any rumours of such an intention; to be of good cheer, that he has nothing to apprehend, (this is the spirit of the passage)—*that he may depend upon the Government for the perpetuation of anarchy!*—This is the *ne plus ultra* of political irony. Every other example must be to it, only as the *species* to the *genus summum*.

There is a spot upon a mountain promontory in Fingal, where, in my early boyhood, external Nature first burst upon my vision in beauty and sublimity, not separated, but in combination. Upon the eastern side of the solitary mountain, where it shelves abruptly to the sea, and so near its summit, that there was a glorious expanse of horizon, was a little fountain, bursting among the rocks, and wild flowers, and sun-beams. A bee hummed over the flowers, close to the fountain and its little rill; some sea-gulls wheeled and floated in the air, high above the sea that broke upon the shore; and there was a distant bark with white sails, holding on her course upon the swelling tide. Whenever I call this scene to remembrance, "pure, bright, and elysian," it floats in my imagination like a vision of enchantment. This is the pure elysian enchantment of external Nature, without any intermingling of feelings inspired by the history of the times of old*.—"Canst

* Book of Job.

" thou loosen the bonds of Orion, or canst thou " bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?"—No; and there are other sweet influences too, that, while man retains his nature, never can be bound—

* * * * * there is given
Unto the things of earth that time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling * * * *
* * * * * there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement * *

And when I stand in the ancient Cathedral of Limerick, and listen to the choir and the organ; when I hear the chant of the High Mass, and ringing of the Mass-bell, and view the incense ascending from the Altar in one of their Convent Chapels; when I wander through the garden of the Holy Sisterhood of St. Clare, and view their figures gliding among the Gothic ruins, or when I stand within the sanctuary of their Convent Chapel; when I sit upon the ancient bastion in St. Munchin's Cemetery, upon a gloomy evening, and listen to the sullen *swough** of the wind among the dark elms over my head, and the rushing flood of the Shannon, that sweeps at its basement, and hear the roar of the bugles, the beat of the drum, and " the voice of the trumpet," within the court of the Castle;—I become inspired by a feeling, solemn and mournful; different from that of which I am susceptible in any other place in the world, but not very unlike that with which, upon the shore of the solitary lake where he reposes, I hear the wind whisper at night in the grass, around the grave of my Father, whom I have never seen.

* Chaucer.

# APPENDIX.

## No. I.

I HAVE said (page 49), "many of those loose "masses might be removed under water by the diving-"bell, or perhaps by another machine, of which I "shall describe the principle, and of which the con-"struction suggested itself to me since I began to "meditate upon the present subject."—Not having actually verified the theory by experiment, I of course do not pronounce any thing absolutely, even though I am warranted by the highest professional authority in anticipating that it will succeed.

Before I describe this Machine, I shall give, from the "London Philosophical Magazine and Journal*," an account of my descent in the diving-bell, the principle of which happened to suggest itself to me after I had been under water in a common one. I shall then give an analysis of the principle on which I constructed it, and then give an analysis of the theoretical principle on which I propose that the new Machine should be formed.

### ACCOUNT OF THE DESCENT OF A DIVING-BELL, NEWLY INVENTED BY T. STEELE, ESQ. M. A.

*To the Editor of the Philosophical Magazine and Journal.*

SIR,

As improvements in physical science at present excite an interest in this country altogether without precedent, and as the great national work, the Breakwater in Plymouth

* Number 341. September, 1826.

Sound, the Pearl Fisheries, the bold enterprize of searching the Spanish galleons, sunk for more than a century in Vigo-bay, the search of the Lutine frigate, sunk upon the coast of Holland, &c. &c. have recently called more than ordinary public attention to the operations of the diving-bell,—it may be perhaps not uninteresting to you, to receive an account of a very novel experiment which I have lately witnessed.

This was the descent of Mr. Steele, in a bell, which, from its peculiar properties, he calls, "*the Communicating Diving-Bell,*" for which he has obtained a patent; as also for some apparatus above water, with which the bell is in connexion, constructed upon a theory which leads, in the application of its principle, to some exceedingly curious and interesting consequences.

The bell consists of two compartments in combination: one of them, the common diving-bell, open at the bottom; but the second is a close chamber, with a bottom, called by the Inventor, "*the Communicating Chamber.*" This compartment is supplied with air by pipes reaching above water, and is separated from the former by a partition, in which is set a small circular window, of extraordinary strength and thickness; but the glass is of such clearness, that not a particle of light seems to be lost in its transmission; so that the vision from one chamber to the other, is just as distinct as if no such medium were interposed.

The Inventor, before descending, placed a lighted lantern in the open compartment; he next entered the communicating chamber through a circular aperture, which was firmly screwed down upon him; and he then gave orders to be lowered under water.

In this descent, the water was prevented from entering the open bell by the ordinary operation of the condensing air-pump upon deck; and Mr. Steele had consequently an opportunity of observing every thing within it, strongly illuminated by the lantern; while, at the same time, instead

of being obliged to endure the pressure of condensed air, and to depend upon signals by strokes of a hammer, he sat at his ease in air of no greater density than that of the atmosphere, and conversed through one of the pipes with his friends above water.

While he remained down, he described what he saw in the open bell, and gave such directions as circumstances rendered necessary. At one time, for instance, he observed that the water was rising within its cavity, and he ordered that the condensing air-pump should be worked more strongly: this was accordingly done, and the water immediately descended, until it was on a level with the bottom. During this time, by simply turning a cock, he had the means of refreshing the air in his chamber at pleasure, by a current of condensed air from the open bell. After some time he desired that they should heave up, which was done; the water-tight cover was unscrewed, and he came out, evidently very much gratified by the success of his first experiment.

He next took his seat in the open bell, and a bell-man took the place he had just ceased to occupy. I was informed that Mr. Steele had selected this man for his steadiness, having been down with him before, while he was making some experiments with a common diving-bell. The communication between persons descending in this manner, is by writing; they write upon tablets, and mutually exhibit them at the window in the partition. They descended: the bell-man described what he saw to the persons above; and after they had been under water for some time, when Mr. Steele chose to ascend, he intimated his desire to him, and he immediately communicated the order that the bell should be raised. After they came out of the bell, preparations were made for an experimental proof of the theory which I have alluded to, as leading in its application to such remarkable consequences.

An air-tight chamber above water, with a window like the one already described, was connected by a flexible pipe with the open diving-bell; the bell-man took his seat in this, one of the Engineer's workmen went into the communicating chamber, and Mr. Steele himself, taking his tablets and pencil, went into the chamber above water, into which he was immediately fastened by an air-tight cover. The bell was lowered under water, and of course the chamber above was filled through the pipe with condensed air.

At this moment a novel and complex system of communicating by conversation and writing, was thrown into action, instead of signals by the strokes of a hammer. Mr. Steele, in the air-chamber above, held conversation with the bell-man below, and the man in the communicating chamber below conversed with the persons upon the deck of the vessel. A gentleman stood close to the chamber above, and he and Mr. Steele exhibited writings to each other through the window. The latter wrote, among other things, that he had just asked the man below if he was anxious to be heaved up? and that he had been answered in the negative. The man then made some observations about the noise in the bell, caused by the rush of the condensed air through the valve, and about some other circumstances bearing relation to the experiment. At this time Mr. Steele required some paper; and a sheet tightly rolled was given in to him through a cylinder passing through the side of the chamber. This was furnished with two cocks, one on the inside, and the other on the outside; so that the paper was transmitted without the escape of the air. Soon after this, I observed that he exhibited at the glass, an order for heaving up; and the bell was raised. When he was liberated, and while he was receiving the congratulations of his friends, I heard him say to one of them, that his feeling was one of extreme delight, at the moment when, looking out from the little window of the air-chamber, after the full success of

his experiments, he saw his diving-bell emerging slowly from the water, and the persons who had descended come out from it in safety.

There is an exceedingly interesting, but apparently paradoxical consequence, resulting from the theory upon which the air-chamber has been constructed—1st, Let the diameter of the pipe between this chamber and the bell be supposed to be increased until it be sufficient to admit a man, and let a rope-ladder be inclosed in it; 2nd, Let the air-chamber be subdivided into two, with a man-hole in the partition, and another in the side. It is evident that, by a process analegous to that of passing locks in a canal, and identically the same with that used by Mr. Steele himself, in the transmission of the roll of paper through the two air-tight cocks, a man might go down unwet from deck, to blast rocks, or do any other work at the bottom of the sea! The same thing might be effected by the addition of a third compartment to the bell below, between the communicating chamber and the open bell; in which case, the air-chamber above water would (for this particular purpose) cease to be necessary.

It is manifest, however, that these *two modes* of passing and repassing between the deck and the bottom, might be used *even in combination.*

I have the honour to be, &c.

* * *

*Portsmouth, Sept.* 1826.

# ANALYSIS.

Some years ago I saw lying near the harbour at Portsmouth, the Diving-bell which had been made use of by the late Mr. Thompson, when he descended upon the Royal George, sunk at Spithead: he called it his Bell of Observation, and it was calculated for no other purpose, as it was a close vessel. It was about six and a half or seven feet high, and of a form very like a grape-jar. There was a water-tight circular cover that screwed into the top, and there were five small circular "eyes" (little windows of strong glass), of about four inches in diameter, in the circumference of the part where it swelled; and across each of these there was a small bar on the outside, to prevent fracture by impinging while under water upon any hard substance. There were two flexible tubes inserted into the cover by water-tight screws, and through these the Engineer, when he descended, was supplied with air, and also held conversation with the persons above water. My curiosity was excited, and I went to Gosport to find out the person, who I was informed had been in the habit of attending upon deck when the bell was under water, to receive orders from below, and have them carried into execution. He gave me a great deal of very interesting information, and *particularly gave me assurance of the distinctness with which the voice could be heard from under water, and conversation carried on through the tube, which was called the trumpet: the second tube was called the air-pipe.*

The man's name who gave me this information is Wood, and I believe he now works at a shipwright's at Fareham.

In the year 1825 I made, for the first time, as a matter of curiosity, a descent in a common working-bell, of course open at the bottom. While I was under water, I was more occupied in making observations on what I saw than in deducing consequences; but after ascending, it suddenly oc-

curred to me, that I could make a great improvement in diving-bells, by combining with the common working-bell the bell of observation; for "*suppose there was a little "window in the bell in which I was down, what would there "be to prevent Thompson from looking into it from his bell, "and telling what he saw?*"

Let me therefore suppose the two bells to approximate until they coalesce, and have a common side and common window; the Engineer in the bell of observation, sitting without pressure from condensed air, and quite at ease, no matter at what depth the bell may be working, will look into a little submarine illuminated chamber (the bell in which I descended had been illuminated by a lantern); will see every thing that is doing, and hold conversation with the persons above water. Now, this much was without what could be called effort, as the combination occurred suddenly, while I was walking across a room.

The second part, viz. the air-chamber above water, did not occur to me in this manner; on the contrary, it was the result of a great deal of meditation of two kinds—1st, Of that kind of exercitation of thought, wherein the mind confines itself rigorously to the contemplation of things practical, within the ordinary range and scope of practicability; and, 2dly, After a great deal of that kind of less restricted exercise of the intellect, in which, without thinking of reducing them to actual practice, people run theories through the mazes of their possible consequences. This is a kind of intellectual disporting, or sporting; a kind of fox-hunting of a principle which has broken cover out of their brains, when they want to kill their fox in good style, without ever intending to make a pasty of him for the table.

Thinking one evening of the violent strain on the chain of suspension, and the consequent danger, when the bell emerging, ceases to have any support from the water; I set myself to work, to find out some method of getting the men out unwet, without the necessity of raising the bell itself out of the water.

A mode of doing this *theoretically possible*, quickly suggested itself to me; but one which, in practice, would call to memory the story in Peregrine Pickle, of the gentleman who was remarkable for great mechanical inspiration, and had invented a beautiful machine for cutting cabbages; to the general use of which, however, there was a practical objection, by no means unimportant, namely, that it required the aid of a man and a horse to work it in the cabbage-bed.

This theoretical, non-impossibility, was as follows: Suppose the bell (I mean the common working-bell) to be brought to rest upon a ledge, or little platform, projecting horizontally under water from the side of the ship; suppose a tube, of a diameter of something less than a yard, bent at an angle, and one leg so much longer than the other, that while the extremity of the shorter leg was placed under, and in contact with the platform, the extremity of the longer one should be above water. Now, imagine the shorter leg to be not merely in contact with, but to be united with the platform. Let us now suppose a circular hole in the platform over the tube, with an air-tight cover; and let us suppose the longer leg to terminate above water, in an air-tight chamber, with an air-tight door. Now it is quite evident, that if the air-chamber and the tube be filled by a condensing air-pump, with air as highly condensed as the air in the bell while it rests upon the platform, the circular cover might be unscrewed, and that the workmen might first descend into the short leg, and then ascend through the long one into the chamber above, and so walk out dry upon deck, without taking the bell out of the water.

This, however, as I have said, was mere theorizing. An improvement however, possible, and practically useful, was the result of this theoretical non-impossibility; for it immediately suggested to me the air-tight chamber* on deck,

* The men in the working-bell under water, are much more comfortable than the person in the air-chamber above, although the condensation of the air be in both cases equal, as the air-chamber becomes very quickly *heated and oppressive*; and the window looking out upon deck, becomes

with windows in it like the bell of observation, and connected by a flexible tube with the working-bell; and so gave, as an immediate consequence, a *second* mode of "*communi-*" *cating,*" by conversation, with the persons below.

I have no apprehension whatever, that in this detail I shall appear tedious; for this reason: those who take no interest in things of the kind I have been describing, will pass it over without reading it (which will effectually prevent its being tedious to them); and to those who do take an interest in them, it will not be tedious, because they like to observe the process of mind in thought, whenever its efforts are directed to purposes of practical utility.

I now come to an Analysis of the principle of the Machine, which I think suited to the clearing of the Cock Rock in the Shannon, and of all other places of the same kind, where there is a rise and fall of the tide of several feet, and where the depth of the water is not equal to the altitude of the hull of the vessel employed.

Mr. Clement, the resident Engineer, politely gave me permission to work in the Diving-bell at the New Bridge at Limerick, but at the same time requested that I should not be later than a particular hour, viz. the hour when the tide began to flow, as at that moment the bell began to work. Now the tide in the ebb had left the spot where we were working, quite dry, and therefore when the water, in the flow of the tide, began to rise outside about the bottom of the bell, it occurred to me to observe, that the situation was to me entirely new; for I was standing at work upon the ground in condensed air, although the air outside the bell was only the common air of the atmosphere.

This suggested to me (for I was virtually working in a vessel of the kind), that if a flat-bottomed ship, with

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dimmed so rapidly, that it must be frequently cleared, by rubbing it with a handkerchief. I think (but am not at all sure, not having yet proved it by experiment) that I see a practical way of preventing this.

a chamber open at the bottom, and as high as the deck, were to rest upon the bottom of the river, by condensing the air within that chamber until the water was expelled, the work of clearing away the masses at such a place as the tail of the Cock Rock, would proceed just in the same manner as the shifting of the ballast in the hold of a vessel. The vessel being firmly moored, would lie steadily expanded over a considerable surface; the chamber could be perfectly illuminated by windows; every thing could be seen in it; and the condensing air-pump might be either upon deck, or in the hold, and only separated from the chamber by the partition, without the necessity of a hose. Now, by being very firmly moored, this vessel would lie steadily in its place, unswayed by the currents.

If it be asked me, How will you sink this vessel? My answer is, Recollect the condition I have stated—I require a rise and fall of tide; for in the rise and fall of the tide, I find my sinking power: the Machine would not answer on a lake, or a river above the reach of the tide. From a reservoir on the side of the Shannon, near the Cock Rock; fill it when the tide is at the highest; and you get the command of a head of water to inundate and depress your vessel in the river.

On coming to London, I submitted the principle of this Machine to my friends Mr. Cubitt and Mr. Penn, who with the greatest kindness give me their professional advice upon those occasions when I feel that I require the most judicious direction—occasions on which I always have recourse to them.

It was Mr. Penn who made my Diving-bell; and among the recollections that attach me to Limerick, there is one which I prize very highly—that although I had before met him as an acquaintance, it was there that I first met that Gentleman as a friend.

To Mr. Cubitt I am indebted for the following suggestion, which is so great an improvement upon my own plan, that it is sufficient to mention it; for at a single glance, its value

must be perceived. I had been mentioning to him a modification of the principle of the Diving-bell, purely theoretical, which had occurred to me, viz. a small bell within the chamber under water, for descending at particular points, deeper than the general level of the flat bottom of the ship; supposing it not actually to lie upon the bottom of the river: the condensing air-pump to be within the chamber. He told me that, "instead of having an immoveable chamber in the "centre of the vessel, it would be better to have a move-"able one (virtually a diving-bell of the same dimensions) "moving vertically through the aperture, and which, when-"ever it might be necessary, should fall somewhat lower "than the bottom." He said *centre*, it being a matter of course, that the centre of gravity of the vessel should be in the well, that the motion might be a minimum.

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## No. II.

CARRICKAHOLT Castle, or *Carrick an Oulta*, the Ulsterman's Rock, on the Lower Shannon, in "*the County Clare*, "*that most Irish part of Ireland*," is said to have been built by an adventurer from the county Down, from whence it derived its name. The castle, and whole peninsula of Western Corkavaskin, now "the West," was once the property of a branch of the ancient family of M'Mahon, which claims its descent from Mahon, the elder brother of Brien Boroimhe, the great King of Ireland. The reader will find a very romantic story in the Statistical Survey of this part of Ireland, by W. Shaw Mason, Esq. of the manner in which the Thomond Family became possessed of the Castle of Carrickaholt, and Western Corkavaskin, by marriage of one of the O'Briens with the beautiful daughter of Teige Keigh M'Mahon, after the latter had been slain by his own son. The parricide was committed at the time the English forces were besieging Dunboy Castle, so celebrated

for the desperation of the defence of the garrison; and Tirlough, the perpetrator, immediately fled to Spain. From the same book I have extracted the following account:

"Daniel O'Brien of Carrickaholt, the third Viscount Clare, took a decided part at the Revolution, being one of the most active supporters of King James the Second, of whose Privy Council he was sworn a member in 1684; he was also Lord Lieutenant of the county of Clare, and Colonel of a regiment of horse which he raised at Carrickaholt, and which, from the facing of the uniform, were called the *Dragoon Buoys* —Yellow Dragoons.

"In 1689 Lord Clare's Dragoons were considered the flower of King James's army; and when they were sent into Ulster in the summer of this year, with a numerous and well-appointed army, under the command of Lord Mount Cashel, the command of them was given to Sir James Cotton.

"In July in this year, they were encountered near Lisnaskea, in the county Fermanagh, by Captain Martin Armstrong, with two troops of horse and two companies of foot, who making a feint to attack with the horse, retired as if in disorder, till he drew the enemy into an ambuscade of his foot, who by an unexpected volley caused great slaughter; the horse at the same instant facing about, fell on with incredible fury, and cut this brave regiment almost to pieces; very few escaping. On the 11th of May, 1691, Lord Clare was outlawed for his adherence to King James, and dying soon afterwards, his son Daniel, the fourth Viscount, went into France with the unfortunate Monarch, and died there.

"His brother Charles, the fifth Viscount, married the daughter of the Master of the Household to King James the Second, and fighting at the battle of Ramilies in 1706, received nine wounds, of which he died, leaving several children; the eldest of whom was Colonel in one of the regiments of the Irish Brigade in the French service. He bore the title of Lord Clare, and died in 1742 at Prague, in Bohemia.

"It is said, that when the Earls of Thomond wrote to

their noble relatives at Carrickaholt, they sometimes directed '*To Carrickaholt, near Spain;*' alluding to the facility and frequency of intercourse between the place and the Continent of Europe.

"There is a wild legend of Lord Clare, the third Viscount: His ghost, and those of his brave Yellow Dragoons, are still said to traverse the West in the winter nights, and plunge at the dawning of the day, into the surges that foam round the ruins of Carrickaholt."

It is mentioned in the same work from which I have extracted the foregoing account, that in the county of Limerick, not far from Lough-Gur, the famous Irish Outlaw, *Emun O'Knuck*, Ned of the Hills, is buried at a place called Doon: he too was one of the adherents of the unfortunate James the Second.

The mournful Irish air, *Emun O'Knuck*, of which he is said to have been the composer, is not excelled by any melody with which I am acquainted—of any country. Among what Lord Byron calls "the heart-home lays of "green Erin," I think it is without an equal: it is a song whose symphonies, to be in unison with its spirit of wild pathos and sweetness, ought to be played by the Æolian harp, and by no other instrument—by

> ———that wild harp, whose magic tone
> Is wakened by the winds alone*.

* Sir Walter Scott. Lay of the Last Minstrel.

## No. III.

By the Act of Uniformity of the second of Elizabeth, all Catholics were obliged to assist at the Protestant Church-service every Sunday and holyday, under a certain pecuniary penalty, or the censures of the Ecclesiastical Courts, for each default. Dr. Heylin observes upon this Statute, that

"The Irish were obliged, under several penalties, to be present at the reading of the English Liturgy, *which they understood no more than they did the Mass;* by which means they were not only kept in continual ignorance as to the doctrines and devotions of the Church of England, but also were furnished with an excellent argument against ourselves, for having the divine service celebrated in such a language as the people did not understand."

Now, notwithstanding that I have the high authority of this Statute in my favour as a precedent, if I should be minded to dispense altogether with translations of any passages in foreign languages which I may have had occasion to use; yet still I think it not repugnant to the principles of reason, to give the English of the extracts from Machiavelli's Prince.

Before I give the translation, however, I shall first throw a gleam from Moore's *Sun-burst*, on the character of James the First, by whom this Act, which had lain dormant, a dead letter, in the Statute Book, was first put into execution, even though I may, perhaps, appear to be "polypragmatic" in so doing.

"*That the theological quibbles of this vain pedant should have puzzled the Catholics of Ireland into a belief that he meant to favour their religion, is not at all surprising. He had also made them promises, before his accession to the throne, which they continued most loyally to put their trust in, long*

*after he had violated them all—a Prince's promise being that kind of convenient talisman, which may be broken over and over, without in the least degree losing its charm.*

*" It is true, King James gave fair notice of his perfidy, and was so far honester than some other Princes*; for though, like them, he availed himself of the discontent and hopes of the Catholics, to embarrass the measures of the reign which had preceded his own, yet did he not, like them, attempt to carry the deceit any further, or to keep hopes alive which it was his secret intention to blast; but thus, by regular proclamation, announced to his dupes, the mistake they had been under in having the least reliance on him: ' Whereas, His Majesty is informed, that his subjects of Ireland have been deceived by a false report that His Majesty was disposed to allow them liberty of conscience and the free choice of a religion: he hereby declares to his beloved subjects of Ireland, that he will* not *admit any such liberty of conscience as they were made to expect by such report,'" &c. &c.†*

I take the translation from " The Works of the fa- " mous Nicolas Machiavel, *Citizen and Secretary of* " *Florence.* London, 1675."

## CHAP. XVIII.

### *How far a Prince is obliged by his Promise.*

### [*In che modi i Principi debbano osservare la Fede.*]

How honourable it is for a Prince to keep his word, and act rather with integrity than collusion [astuzia], I suppose every body understands. Nevertheless, experience has shewn in our times, that those Princes who have not pinn'd themselves up to that punctuality and preciseness, have done great things, and by their cunning and subtilty, not only

* " Certi uomini," says Boccalini, when he wishes not to be supposed to mean living Kings, " del tempo antico, dei quali oggidì si e' perdüta la razza."

† Curry.

circumvented and darted the brains [aggirare i cervelli] of those with whom they had to deal, but have overcome and been too hard for those who have, &c. &c.

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* * * nor was there ever Prince that wanted lawful [legittime] pretences to justify his breach of promise. I might instance many modern examples, and shew how many peaces and promises had been broken by the infidelity of Princes * * * * * * * * *

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* * * nevertheless, it is of great consequence to disguise your inclination, and play the hypocrite well; and men are so simple in their temper, and so submissive in their present necessities; that he that is neat and cleanly in his collusions, shall never want people to practise upon them. I cannot forbear one example, which is still fresh in our memory * * * * * * * * *

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* * * * * on the other hand, Cæsar Borgia (called, commonly, Duke Valteline) got several fair territories by the fortune of his father, Pope Alexander, and lost them after his death, though he used all the industry, and employed all the arts which a wise and brave [virtuoso] Prince ought to do to fix himself in the sphere where the arms and fortune of other people had placed him; for he (as I said before) who laid not his foundation in time, may yet raise his superstructure, but with great trouble to the architect, and great danger to the building.

If, therefore, the whole progress of the said Duke be considered, it will be found what solid foundations he had laid for his future dominion; of which progress I think it not superfluous to discourse, because I know not what better precepts to display before a new Prince, than the example of his actions; and though his own orders and methods did him no good, it was not so much his fault, as the [estraor-

dinaria malignita] malignity of his fortune * * *
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* * he grew weary of his former allies, as having nothing further to oblige [à cimentare] them, and betook himself to his artifice, which he managed so dexterously, that the Ursini reconciled themselves to him, by the mediation of Seignor Paulo, with whom, for his security, he comported so handsomely, by presents, with money, rich stuffs, and horses, that, being convinced of his integrity, he conducted them [tanto che la simplicità loro li condusse à Sinigaglia] to Sinigaglia, and delivered them into the Duke's hands. Having by these means exterminated the chief of his adversaries, and reduced their friends, the Duke had laid a fair foundation for his greatness, having gained Romagnia and the Duchy of Urbino * * * *
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I found the book from whence I took the foregoing extracts, in the Library of the British Museum, and gave the translation from it in compliment to the period in which it was printed. The date being 1675, it is not impossible that the translator might have lived to prepare a new and splendid edition, with a dedication to the glorious and pious King William the Third, after the Medal* had been struck for "*Limerica Capta*"—"*Hibernia Subacta.*"

* On the obverse of this medal were the busts of William the Third and Mary, with their titles. On the reverse, Fame, with expanded wings, sounding a trumpet, and with a mural crown in her hand, extended towards an irradiation from Heaven; Limerick in the distance, besieged and bombarded. Around this the words, *Non hæc sine Numine Divum*; which I thus translate, in the words of Oliver Cromwell after the carnage of the garrison of Droheda, to which he had promised quarter—"*I wish that "all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the "praise of this mercy belongs.*"—*Letter to the Parliament.* Vide *Curry's Review.*

There was no man more pious than Oliver Cromwell, nor fonder of "wrestling with the Lord in prayer."

## No. IV.

THE Redshanks of the Western Islands, and the Scottish Highlanders, in days of old made incursions into Ulster; they "havocked" our Kerne, and Hobbilers and Gallowglasses; they made prey of our cows and garrans, burned our houses, and standing corn, and hay-stacks, carried away our nevogues, plundered our churches, and chapels, and abbeys, and nunneries; made booty of the books (of such of us as knew how to read), committed all manner of ravage, rapine, devastation, and sacrilege, and carried away *Aileen-a-Roon*, and several others of our finest airs, in the bags of their bagpipes.

Now, although I should be of course perfectly justified in taking retribution to the full extent, from their posterity, I have contented myself with making a foray in the land of the Gael, and taking, as a spoil, the following extracts from a Review published every year, times quaternion, in Duneddin. I have already made a quotation from it, for the sake of a parenthesis; but upon more mature and serious consideration, I take this more ample portion of the article, because I do not recollect to have ever seen any where else, in the same space, upon the same subject, so much of REASONING AND HISTORICAL FACT, IN COMBINATION AND CONDENSATION.

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"*History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics, "from the Treaty of Limerick to the Union. By "*HENRY PARNELL, *Esq. M. P.*"

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* * * * * it seems to be generally conceived, that their case, at present, is utterly hopeless; and

that to advocate it any longer, will only irritate the oppressed, without producing any change of opinion in those by whose influence and authority that oppression is continued. To this opinion, unfortunately too prevalent, we have many reasons for not subscribing.

We do not understand what is meant in this country by the notion, that a measure of consummate wisdom, and imperious necessity, is to be deferred for any time, or to depend upon any contingency. Whenever it can be made clear to the understanding of the great mass of enlightened people, that any system of political conduct is necessary to the public welfare, every obstacle (as it ought) will be swept away before it; and as we conceive it to be by no means improbable, that the country may be, ere long * * *

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* * * * * * * * we are doing our duty in throwing every possible light on this momentous question. Neither do we understand where this passive submission to ignorance and error is to end * *

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* * * * * * * To lye by in timid and indolent silence; to *suppose* an inflexibility, in which no Court ever could, under pressing circumstances, persevere; and to neglect a regular and vigorous appeal to public opinion—is to give up all chance of doing good, and to abandon the only instrument by which the few are ever prevented from ruining the many.

It is folly to talk of any other *ultimatum* in government, than perfect justice to the fair claims of the subject. The concessions to the Irish Catholics in 1792, were to be the *ne plus ultra*. Every engine was set on foot, to induce the Grand Juries in Ireland to petition against further concessions; and in six months afterwards, Government was compelled to introduce, themselves, those further relaxations of the Penal Code, of which they had just before assured the

Catholics they must abandon all hope. Such is the absurdity of supposing that a few interested and ignorant individuals can postpone, at their pleasure and caprice, the happiness of millions.

As to the feeling of irritation with which such continued discussion may inspire the Irish Catholics, we are convinced that no opinion could be so prejudicial to the cordial union which we hope may always subsist between the two countries, as that all the efforts of the Irish were unavailing; that argument was hopeless; that their case was prejudged with a sullen inflexibility, which circumstances could not influence, pity soften, or reason subdue.

We are by no means convinced, that the decorous silence recommended upon the Catholic Question, would be rewarded by those future concessions, of which many persons appear to be so certain. We have a strange incredulity where persecution is to be abolished, and any class of men restored to their indisputable rights. When we see it done, we will believe it. Till it is done, we shall always consider it to be highly improbable; much too improbable to justify the smallest relaxation in the Catholics themselves, or in those who are well-wishers to their cause. When the fanciful period at present assigned for the emancipation arrives, new scruples may arise—fresh forbearance be called for—and the operations of common sense be deferred for another generation. Toleration never had a present tense, nor taxation a future one. The answer which Paul received from Felix, he owed to the subject on which he spoke. When justice and righteousness were his theme, Felix told him to go away, and he would hear him some other time. All men who have spoken to Courts upon such disagreeable topics, have received the same answer. Felix, however, trembled when he gave it; but his fear was ill directed. He trembled at the subject,—he ought to have trembled at the delay. * *

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We terminate this apologetical preamble with expressing the most earnest hope, that the Catholics will not, from any notion that their cause is effectually carried, relax in any one constitutional effort necessary to their purpose. Their cause is the cause of common sense and justice;—the safety of England, and of the world, may depend upon it. It rests upon the soundest principles; leads to the most important consequences; and therefore cannot be too frequently brought before the notice of the public. The book before us is written by Mr. Henry Parnell, the brother of Mr. William Parnell, Author of the "Historical Apology," reviewed in one of our late Numbers; and it contains a very well-written history of the Penal Laws enacted against the Irish Catholics, from the Peace of Limerick, in the Reign of King William, to the late Union. Of these we shall present a very short, and we hope, even to loungers, a readable abstract.

The war carried on in Ireland against King William, cannot deserve the name of a Rebellion;—it was a struggle for their lawful Prince, whom they had sworn to maintain, and whose zeal for the Catholic Religion, whatever effect it might have produced in England, could not by them be considered as a crime. This war was terminated by the surrender of Limerick, upon conditions by which the Catholics hoped, and very rationally hoped, to secure to themselves the free enjoyment of their religion in future, and an exemption from all those civil penalties and incapacities which the reigning Creed is so fond of heaping upon its subjugated rivals.

By the various Articles of this Treaty, they are to enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as they did enjoy in the time of Charles II.; and the King promises, upon the meeting of Parliament, "to endeavour to procure "for them such *further security* in that particular, as may "preserve them *from any disturbance* on account of their "said religion." They are to be restored to their estates,

privileges, and immunities, as they enjoyed them in the time of Charles II. The Gentlemen are to be allowed to carry arms; and no other oath is to be tendered to the Catholics who submit to King William, than the Oath of Allegiance. These, and other Articles, *King William ratifies for himself, his heirs and successors, as far as in him lies; and confirms the same, and every other clause and matter therein contained.*

These Articles were signed by the English General on the 3rd of October, 1691, and diffused comfort, confidence, and tranquillity among the Catholics. On the 22nd of October, the English Parliament excluded Catholics from the Irish Houses of Lords and Commons, by compelling them to take the Oaths of Supremacy before admission!

In 1695, the Catholics were deprived of all means of educating their children, at home or abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians to their own or to other persons' children. Then all the Catholics were disarmed,—and then all the Priests banished. *After this* (probably by way of joke*), an Act was passed to *confirm* the Treaty of Limerick; the great and glorious King William totally forgetting the contract he had entered into, of recommending the religious liberties of the Catholics to the attention of Parliament.

* Lucian, in the Second Book of his "*True History*," tells us, that just before he made his voyage to the Island of Dreams, he had visited that dread abode in Tartarus, where Herodotus, and many other historians who had not written truth, were receiving punishment. He then mentions, that, "seeing them, he conceived good hope for himself, in his conscious-"ness that he had never given expression to any thing that was untrue."

Τούτους ὦν ὁρῶν ἐγὼ, χρηστὰς εἶχον εἰς τὰ παρὸν τὰς ἐλπίδας. οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐμαυτῷ ψεῦδος εἰπόντι συνῄδειν.

Ferrar, who in 1786 published a History of Limerick, might pay a visit to the same place with great confidence, upon the same principle; for in pages 80 and 81 of his work are these words: "*To the honour of King* "*William's memory, the Articles were preserved inviolate during his reign.*" This man had the effrontery to style himself in his title-page, "*John* "*Ferrar, Citizen of Limerick!*"

On the 4th of March, 1704, it was enacted, That any son of a Catholic, who would turn Protestant, should succeed to the family estate, which from that moment could no longer be sold, or charged with debt and legacy. On the same day, Popish fathers were debarred, by a penalty of 500*l.*, from being guardians to their own children. If the child, however young, declared himself a Protestant, he was to be delivered immediately to the custody of some Protestant relation.—No Protestant to marry a Papist.—No Papist to purchase land, or take a lease of land for more than thirty-one years. If the profits of the land so leased by the Catholic, amounted to above a certain rate, settled by the Act, *farm to belong to the first Protestant who made the discovery.*—No Papist to be in a line of entail; but the estate to pass on to the next Protestant heir, as if the Papist were dead. If a Papist dies intestate, and no Protestant heir can be found, property to be equally divided among all the sons; or, if he has none, among all the daughters. By the 16th clause of this Bill, no Papist to hold any office, civil or military.—Not to dwell in Limerick or Galway, except on certain conditions.—Not to vote at elections.—Not to hold advowsons.

In 1709, Papists were prevented from holding an annuity for life. If any son of a Papist chose to turn Protestant, and enrol the certificate of his conversion in the Court of Chancery, that Court is empowered to compel his father to state the value of his property upon oath, and to make out of that property a competent allowance to the son, at their own discretion; not only for his present maintenance, but for his future portion after the death of the father. An increase of jointure to be enjoyed by Papist wives, upon their conversion.—Papists keeping schools, to be prosecuted as convicts.—Popish Priests who are converted, to receive 30*l.* per annum.

Rewards are given by the same Act for the discovery of Popish Clergy—50*l.* for discovering a Popish Bishop; 20*l.*